Week ending April 23 1955 — *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

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SPECIAL BOOK CONDENSATION
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IF YOU THINK that 'what was good enough for mother is good enough for me', have a look at your neighbour's new electric cooker. The first thing you'll notice is that it's *clean*. Doubtful? Then make a simple test: look at the bottoms of her saucepans —they're spotless! There's no grime to soil and blacken pans. What's more, the surfaces of an electric cooker are smooth; a quick wipe with a damp cloth and they're sparkling!

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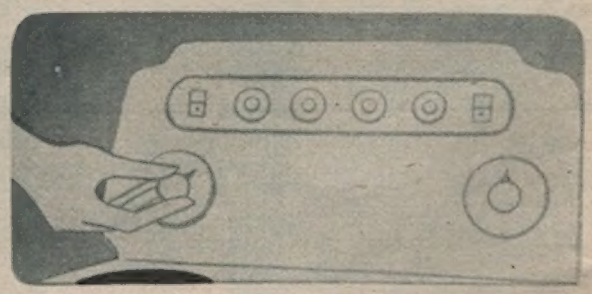

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EDITORIAL

A shabby pact

In a world which increasingly depends on science, it is a glimpse of the obvious to say that any country which neglects to train new generations of scientists is riding towards ruin. Today, Britain is in just that danger.

Scientists and technicians are the shock troops of industrial progress. More and more are needed every year. But the recruitment of young scientists into British industry is badly in arrears. The factories and research laboratories are approaching a famine of scientific brains.

What is the reason? It is simple and basic. To train new scientists, science teachers are needed. But young scientists emerging from the schools and universities prefer to take jobs in industry, because the pay is higher. So there is a dearth of science teachers.

SIR HARRY PILKINGTON
"We promise not to poach"

The authorities are so worried about this that the Ministry of Education and the Federation of British Industries have made a pact.

It is a thoroughly bad pact. The Ministry has increased the pay for "advanced" work, which includes science teaching. The F.B.I. has agreed not to poach.

"We have got to realize," says Sir Harry Pilkington, F.B.I. president, "that there are not enough scientists to go round, that the supply cannot be quickly augmented, and that teachers are as important as research workers and technicians.

"We in industry are now on our honour not to poach from one another, or from the schools, by offering salaries based on the scarcity."

What a miserable solution this is! The inducement to young people to launch on scientific careers is being throttled—and the business men of the F.B.I. are scrapping their own favourite law of supply and demand.

At the new pay rates, a science master may earn from £575 a year at the start, to £1,350 at the age of fifty. Most will still not exceed £1,000. In industry, starting salaries are about the same, but the six largest firms pay an average of £985 at thirty and £1,740 at fifty.

Even those rates are not princely. They attract only about eight thousand recruits a year out of the 250,000 pupils leaving secondary schools and the six thousand who go on to universities. Industry alone needs half as many again, and its demands are growing.

They will never be met by a shabby agreement to keep down salaries. That agreement should be scrapped.

Britain will get the scientists it deserves, and pays for. To economize on science teachers is like building an expensive house on cheap foundations, on the argument that foundations don't show.

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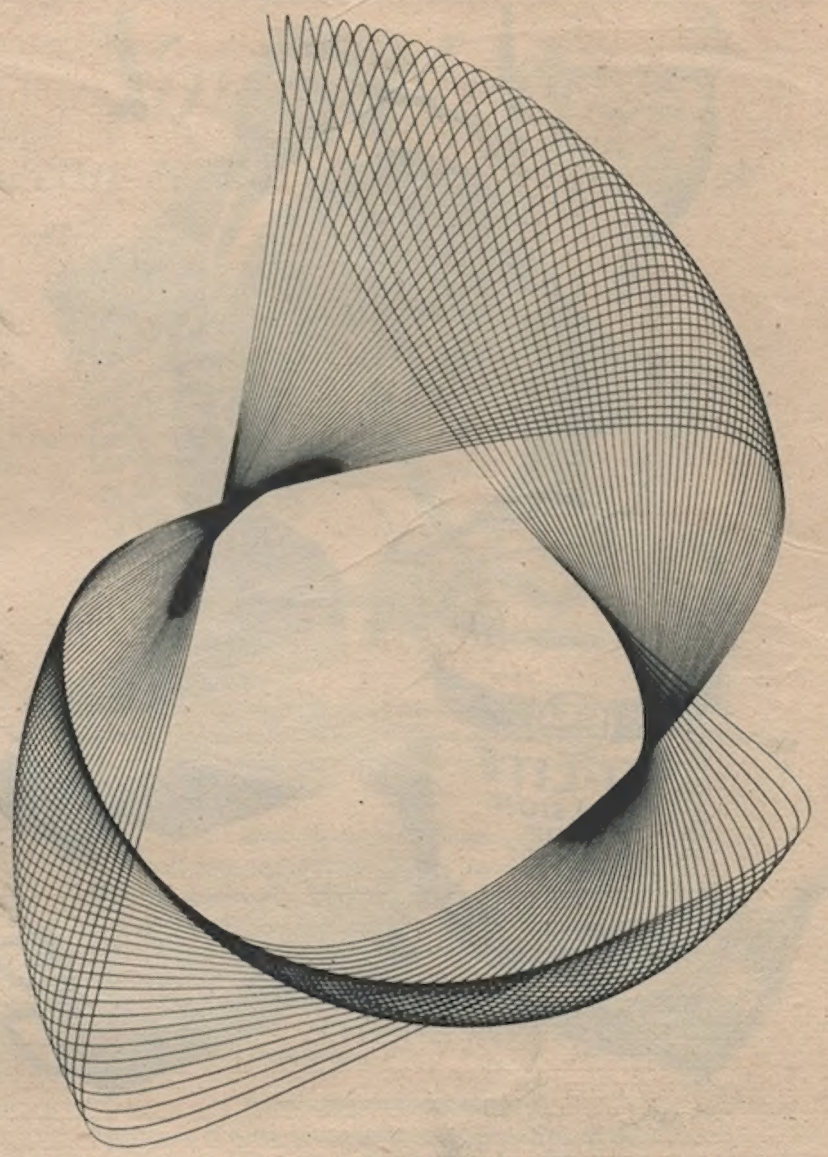

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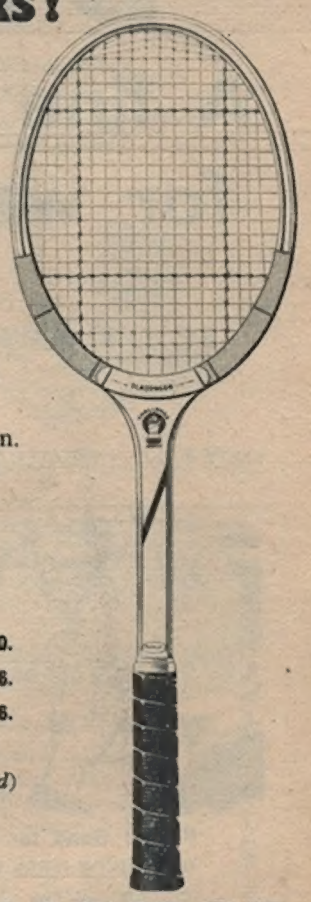

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

APRIL 23 1955 VOL. 97 NO. 2547 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

He boycotts the rural vandals

I HAVE decided to boycott all garages, pubs and hotels which spoil the beauty of the countryside with garishly painted buildings, neon signs, and advertisements in bright colours.

Get-rich-quick traders are doing their best to ruin the remaining beauty of this country. The well-intentioned Town and Country Planning Acts are almost useless; traders and publicans put up any sign they like, knowing that it may be years before the local planning authorities can find the time to inspect their neighbourhood and make them toe the line.

If every motorist took his custom to the garages and hotels that respect their surroundings, the others would soon be forced to tone their premises down, and everybody would benefit. —B. CLEWS, Rochester, Kent.

"Planning authorities have very little control over the appearance of business premises," says the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. "It's very difficult to stop garage proprietors, for instance, painting existing buildings in red and green stripes."

Steel Life

IN the stockroom of a car factory, I noticed for the first time how artistically perfect are some of the most common motor parts. Coil springs, ball-bearings and pistons are far more

satisfying to look at than a good deal of pure sculpture.—D. M. WINSTON, Southport.

In America just before the war an exhibition of stock machine-tooled parts was staged in an art gallery. It received glowing notices from the art critics.

Coming Soon

IT is three years since the Queen came to the throne, but King George VI's head still appears on postal orders. We have new stamps and new coins. Have postal orders been overlooked?—ROBIN WILLYS, Willows Moorings, Maidenhead Road, Windsor.

"Postal orders have not been forgotten," says the G.P.O. "The new stamps and stamped stationery have meant a lot of work, but designs for new postal orders are being considered now."

A La Carte

COOKING is always a problem for brides, but one difficulty I didn't expect was the lack of agreement between cookery book compilers concerning appetites.

When I follow the prewar recipes in books given to me by my mother, I always prepare too much. Recipes for dishes for two people published since the war never seem to be enough.

Rationing must have given us smaller appetites. Now that food is plentiful again, I wonder if we are going back to recipes on the Mrs. Beeton scale.—MRS. G. MARTIN, Port Talbot.

"If we do, we shall be liable to all the Victorian era's diseases arising from obesity," says a doctor. "Rationing has meant that we eat much less—and it's a very good thing, too."

Rising Shrine

SINCE before the war, sightseers have stopped to look at the huge and lovely church on Stag Hill, Surrey, and on winter nights they have seen a cross, thirty feet high, lit up on the tower.

But anyone who takes a closer look at Guildford Cathedral finds that it is really only a shell, and the major part, the nave, has still to be built. Work on the cathedral was started in

The shell of Guildford Cathedral

1937 but ended, because of the war, in 1941. — R. J. BEER, Godalming, Surrey.

Lack of funds has held up the completion of Guildford Cathedral, but it is going ahead rapidly now. This will be only the third new Anglican cathedral built in Britain since the Reformation.

Early Closing

MEMORIES of youth hostelling before the war sprung to mind when I read the article about a hostel warden (JOHN BULL, March 26).

Once we planned a hard walk from a hostel at Longsleddale in Westmorland, and arranged to stop for refreshment at a pub in Mardale. We arrived there tired, dusty and very thirsty on a blazing hot day—and found the village absolutely deserted. It had been evacuated because the valley was being flooded to make a reservoir, and the pub—miles from anywhere—had been boarded up.—B. J. TAYLOR, Didsbury, Manchester.

. . . Warden Robert Gummerson enforces the youth hostel rule of no admittance after 10 p.m. This is unfortunate for city dwellers trying to get away on hostelling weekends on Friday evenings.—F. HAYES, R.A.F., Compton Bassett, Wiltshire.

"After a hard day's walking or cycling, hostellers usually want to go

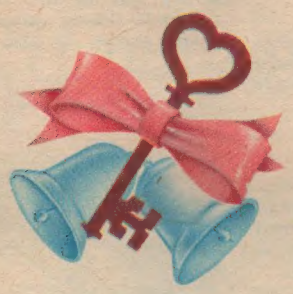
CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Doctor who takes his surgery to sea

by DON EVERITT

Day and night, passengers and crew rely on his skill. He may get urgent calls to a cabin—or the crow's nest



INVESTMENT IN Happiness

THEY FELL IN LOVE with their home-to-be —except for that dreary, ugly kitchen! Could they possibly afford to have it modernised? Joan had a brainwave...

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

to bed soon after ten," says the Y.H.A. "Latecomers wake up everyone else in the dormitory, and that's not fair—particularly to our younger members."

Cross Examined

PRIVATE detectives can spy on unsuspecting victims in their offices, pubs and homes. Charles Chrystall justifies it by saying, "You can beat wrongdoers only by catching them on the hop" (JOHN BULL, March 19).

Surely this is wrong. Detecting wrongdoers is a job for the police—not private agents.—G. A. FLORIS, Albany Street, London, N.W.1.

Private detectives carry no more weight than ordinary witnesses in the courts, and British law tends to treat their evidence harshly. Most private detectives are employed on divorce investigations where the innocent party has no other way of obtaining evidence. But the law realizes that the less reliable agents are bound to favour their clients and will not be impartial.

Patriots' Daze

CHILDREN in my class were able to tell me quite a lot about St. David and St. Patrick, but I found their knowledge of St. George was very vague.

On March 17, quite a number of youngsters came to school wearing lovely sprays of shamrock, and on March 1 there was an abundance of leeks. But what about St. George?

Perhaps roses would be hard to come by at this time of the year, but surely we could find some emblem to wear on April 23?—MISS J. BRADY, Dorbett Drive, Liverpool.

Launched Again

I HOPE the trustees of the fund to preserve the old clipper ship Cutty Sark will do more than just keep it as an inanimate monument.

In Sweden, the veteran sailing ship Af Chapman was purchased by the Stockholm city authorities, and is now used as a youth hostel. There is also a deck restaurant for sightseers who visit the ship. — PHILIP BAKER, Brookfield Avenue, Dover.

The Cutty Sark was moored in a new dry dock at Greenwich, near the National Maritime Museum, earlier this year, and the Cutty Sark Preservation Society has plans to use it for youth work. Another old ship, the Indian-built teak frigate Foudroyant, is used to give schoolchildren holidays at Portsmouth.

Cool Beer

LATE spring snow and bright sunshine sent many British Servicemen hurrying to the Harz Mountains in Germany for weekend ski-ing last month.

I stopped to admire the initiative of a barman who had built himself a bar out of the snow to supply drinks to thirsty skiers. As my photograph shows, he also had a natural

Cooling drinks at the iced bar

refrigerator behind him, and a selection of flags to give the "ice-inn" an international flavour. — L. T., Celle, Germany.

Parish Pump

DRIVING through South Wales, I stopped at a lonely garage for petrol. "Nice day," said the elderly Welshman who was in charge. "Come far?"

"From London," I replied. The old man went on filling the petrol tank.

"How's your mother?" he said suddenly. A little taken aback, I started to reply, but he stopped me. "I don't want to know," he said. "I was just asking." — L. J. BECKER, Harpenden.

Mail Sortie

OUR young boxer puppy sits on the doormat and howls until he is allowed to go out and greet the postman, the baker and the milkman in his own boisterous way.

The other day, a card was put through our letter box. It told us that we would have to call at the post office for our letters; the postman had been forbidden entry by a "fierce dog."

My wife wants to know how the card was delivered. — J. B. SYKES, London.

"Local ingenuity," says the G.P.O. "Usually, if a dog is troublesome, two postmen try to deliver mail, and then a supervisor goes to the house. If they are all barred, letters are returned to the senders."

High Tea

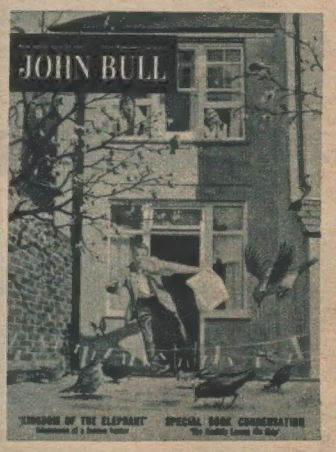
PRESSURE cookers may be useful to Indian peasants cooking on solar gadgets ("Free Speech," April 9), but I cannot understand why Sir Edmund Hillary and his expedition carried them up Everest. Surely lighter equipment could have been devised?—M. V. MILES, Petts Wood, Orpington, Kent.

It would take twenty-four hours to cook a potato in an ordinary

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A LAWN is the crowning glory to an English garden; it's the twentieth-century moat of the Englishman's castle. In April, though, a new lawn is just a few reluctant patches of green struggling through soggy soil, and the birds do their best to keep it that way. It is strange that science hasn't yet been able to improve on a gardener's wrath as a bird-scarer. The home gardener can call on marvels like thermostatic soil heaters, electric clippers and chemical fertilizers—but there's only criss-crossed string to protect his lawn. "And even if that works," says artist Fred Laurent, "there's five years' hard mowing before it looks anything."



"If I were you I'd paint those walls with Snowcem"

H555

REMEMBER the fantastic summer of 1954, with the rainfall breaking records month after month? It sowed the seeds of trouble for thousands of houses. Walls absorbed the rain and did not dry out in time to face the winter. The dampness showed itself in strangely shaped patches on wall-paper, plaster and paint.

Many escaped

Snowcem was the saving of innumerable houses. By providing a rock-hard water-repellent coating Snowcem acts as a weatherproof barrier. That is why builders throughout the world use Snowcem for the outside walls of private houses and public buildings, factories, offices, hospitals and schools. It is why farmers invariably protect and decorate their property with Snowcem.

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So look at your house with a critical eye. Imagine how it would look in a soft shade of Cream or Mid Cream, Buff, Pink, Pale Green, Silver Grey or White. Write for the free booklet described below and see the shade card for yourself.

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We receive letters like this every week

Wise people always keep Lucozade in the house — here's a letter from one: "*I have had my annual winter acute bronchitis and I am now rapidly regaining my usual strength and energy, I really am surprised and delighted that Lucozade has proved such a quick restorative to full health, as in previous winters I have had to abstain from my employment for a much longer period . . .*" — *Builder's Foreman, Bungay, Suffolk.*

LUCOZADE

the sparkling glucose drink

REPLACES LOST ENERGY

LUCOZADE LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDX. *regda 174/G10/55*

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

saucepan at 20,000 feet. Water boils at lower temperatures at high altitudes, but pressure cookers use pressurized steam at temperatures above boiling point.

Loose Changers

AFTER being in business for many years, I have come to the conclusion

that men are far more careless with money than women.

Change a pound note for a woman, and she always examines the silver; a man puts it straight into his pocket. —HARRY DOUBLE, Pages Close, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Reclaimed

IN the Kikuyu country of Kenya much of the land is reddish-brown and the vegetation dry. But in one spot, I suddenly came across a stretch of about twenty acres of fresh, green pasture where cattle and sheep were grazing.

When I stepped from the dry earth to the lush field, it was like walking on to a spring mattress; the grass was wet and springy. Animals were drinking from water-holes where boys with weighted lines were vainly trying to plumb the depths.

Apparently, the land was over a lake. Dust, roots and weeds had collected to form a rich crust two or three feet deep.—PERCY TURNER, Cross Lane, Marple, Cheshire.

Not So Smart

AMERICAN housewives don't dress as smartly to go shopping as Mrs. K. Miller thinks ("Free Speech," February 19). Most of the women shoppers I see here in Arizona look very sloppy; often they go out in blue jeans.

Even career girls sometimes wear curlers and pins in their hair to go to the office. And when they do dress up for dates, many American women over-dress. — MRS. LALLIE JEROME, Scottsdale, Arizona.

Wheeled Veterans

MY friends of the Autumn Tints Cycling Club were pleasantly surprised to see themselves mentioned in JOHN BULL (March 26).

Autumn Tints have to be at least fifty years old, though most of them —like myself—are nearer eighty. We meet in Lancashire or Cheshire, which means that some of the Yorkshire members have to cycle eighty miles over the Pennines. Two years ago I cycled through Wales, Devon and Cornwall and back to Sheffield on one trip.

The East Pennine branch of the club, which I formed in 1947, tours the countryside between Halifax and Matlock. — W. WARDALE, Hastings Road, Sheffield.

Tax Villain

ENTERTAINMENT tax should not take all the blame for the theatre's decline (JOHN BULL, March 26). In the old days, a visit to the theatre meant two and a half hours' entertainment, a "live" orchestra playing during intervals, and, if the play was short, a curtain raiser. Now theatregoers get less than two hours' entertainment—and gramophone music.—C. WALBOURN, Wheathill Road, London, S.E.20.

. . . I am sure that people would not mind paying a few pence more for theatre seats if it would make so much difference to the theatre. After all, playgoers happily buy sweets and ices.—DOUGLAS WENT, Brightingsea, Essex.

. . . I heartily agree with your editorial. In the Isle of Man there is no entertainment tax.—ERIC HALL, Brazwick Avenue, Bognor Regis.

. . . Highland Games, too, are being taxed out of existence. They must produce trifling revenue for the Exchequer, yet I know more than one district where the local Games are no longer held because of financial difficulties.—M. S. HENDERSON, Highlanders' Institute, Glasgow.

One For The Pot?

AS tea is so expensive, I am surprised that no horticultural firm has thought of putting tea plants on the market. Tea comes from a small shrub that would probably thrive in a greenhouse.—J. C. CAMPBELL, Lancs.

"It wouldn't be an economic proposition," says a gardening expert. "In Ceylon, they get about five hundred pounds of tea a year from one highly cultivated acre of shrubs; four pounds of green leaf would make a pound of tea for the pot. You would need a pretty big greenhouse to make it worth while."

Crossed Threads

SIR RAYMOND STREAT, chairman of the Cotton Board, says that if men could be persuaded to buy one extra cotton garment a year, Lancashire would have some 70 million yards of new trade. Cyril Lord says he would rather commit *hara-kiri* than start his business again in face of Japanese competition (JOHN BULL, February 19).

Yet one of the cotton industry's latest ideas for men is "sleepshirts" —without trousers. — G. DUNCAN, Stephens Road, Manchester.

Self-diagnosis

DOCTORS who give unsolicited advice to their friends ("Free Speech," March 26), are asking for trouble.

As soon as people find out that I am a doctor, social conversation dries up. "Oh, you're a doctor?" they say. "Well, perhaps you can tell me what this ache is."

When I played rugby last week-end, eleven of the opposing team asked me for professional advice in a couple of hours. I seem to be a doctor with amateur status. — I. L. B., Northampton.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

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His powerful new story
MOUNTAIN OF LOST MEN

Next week in John Bull

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9

There's something better to eat in Summer County

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE PRESCRIBES IT!

DOCTOR CLARKE enjoys his breakfast. "It's the best meal of the day," he declares. But it *must* include plenty of crisp brown toast, the Doctor's favourite bitter marmalade and a dish full of Summer County Margarine. It was Mrs. Clarke, of course, who first discovered this *different* margarine. Her husband was quick to appreciate its true country-fresh flavour.

Bags of energy!

Dr. Clarke's practice in Summer County covers a lot of ground, yet he stays cheerful to the end of the day and radiates healthy confidence on his rounds. His type of buoyant good health is soundly based on good nutrition. Mrs. Clarke believes that there is no substitute for good food. She knows that Summer County Margarine is not a substitute for anything. New methods and finer ingredients have made Summer County the first margarine with the *natural* taste of good food. Ask for Summer County Margarine today—it's foil-wrapped to keep it country-fresh.

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A John Bull book condensation. The skipper of Poland's mystery liner Batory tells the story of the sinister, cat-and-mouse life aboard his ship—and his escape to freedom

THE CAPTAIN LEAVES HIS SHIP

by JAN CWIKLINSKI

AT NINE O'CLOCK on June 19, 1953, I made my usual inspection of the ship—Poland's 16,000-ton liner, the Batory, which at that time was being overhauled in a shipyard near Newcastle. I did not hurry or delay, but tried to appear unconcerned with anything but the task in hand.

Then I went to my cabin. I closed the door carefully behind me and stood there for a moment listening. What I expected to hear I do not know. I turned away and chose a number of personal letters and official documents and put them in my briefcase. I also included pyjamas and a spare shirt.

I was about to add the pictures of my wife and son and daughter, and my decorations, when I stopped. I realized that if those pictures were gone from my desk, if my decorations were not in their usual place in my dresser, if even my toothbrush and shaving kit were missing from the bathroom, those facts would immediately alert my steward or some other spy who entered my cabin, and jeopardize what I was about to do. So I left them, though I changed into civilian clothes, which had been my usual practice. Luckily I had £25 in my wallet and a few odd shillings in my pocket.

I closed my briefcase and looked about the cabin. I was trying to be calm, but the strain was great. I was about to leave my ship—a ship which I had commanded for seven years, a ship of which I was still proud, for she was an honest craft in spite of the men who had become her new "masters."

I took hold of the brass doorknob and stood there listening. There was no sound, and I opened the door. The corridor outside was empty. It led aft from my door directly past Stateroom 13, which was Peter Szemiel's. Szemiel, nominally "cultural officer" of the Batory, was really one of the two Polish secret police who controlled the ship. The other, named Kaminski, was called the ship's "press officer."

I kept my eye on Stateroom 13 as I approached it, but the door remained closed. I reached the stairs with some relief, and then I had to go down four decks to get ashore over the only gangplank. Just outside the purser's office I came upon a member of his staff, and

Jan Cwiklinski (pronounced Sviklinski) on the Batory. He fled from his ship two years ago at Newcastle rather than return to Poland to face false charges of spying for the West

When the Batory made her first postwar run to New York, she had a tumultuous welcome. After the Eisler affair, piers were closed to her, passengers interrogated and the crew barred from shore

Cwiklinski's son, Janusz, and his twenty-one year old daughter, Janina, in a photograph sent from Poland last year. Janina's mother died in an air raid on Warsaw. Later, Cwiklinski married again

wished him good morning as cheerfully as I could. "Where is Mr. Szemiel?" I said.

"He's gone ashore, sir, with Mr. Kaminski and the purser. I heard them say they were going to telephone."

Here was a stroke of luck. But I knew that two men were on watch at the inner end of the gangplank. If they had been told to keep me from going ashore, they would not have hesitated to seize me bodily. But, with a "Good morning," I strode past them, and across the gangplank with all the confidence I could muster. And I silently said farewell to the Batory—and, in a way, to Poland. . . .

I had hoped, when I had first taken command of the Batory in 1946, to play some constructive part in the rehabilitation of my country. I served as a Polish merchant mariner for thirty years. Although I was trapped in Holland for most of the war, directly I was liberated I made my way to the office of the Polish-British Line in London, hoping for a ship at once. But the Allied recognition of the Warsaw government, and the withdrawal of recognition from the government in exile, led to a protest strike by almost every Polish crew in Britain. Nearly everyone refused to return to Poland or to take any orders from Warsaw.

I Decide To Return Home

Though I wanted so much to go to sea, I decided to support the action of the others and, in effect, to join the strike. Communism was hateful to us, and we hoped to see it overthrown. But how, I began to ask myself—and thousands of others were asking the same question—could we expect to play any part in overthrowing it and establishing a government more to our liking unless we returned to Poland? So, after a short, unhappy command of a freighter operating under the direction of the British Ministry of War Transport, I gradually came to the decision to return to Poland.

I was placed in command of one of the very finest ships in the Polish merchant fleet, the Batory, named after a sixteenth-century Polish king. She was a 16,000-ton liner with 190,000 cubic feet of cargo space, and a speed of twenty knots. She could accommodate 832 passengers in 302 staterooms; during the war she had been converted as a troop transport. Now she was to be refitted, and my first task, after joining her in Glasgow, was to take her to Antwerp, where she was to be prepared for passenger service. We reached Antwerp in early April.

By September 26 the work was so well along that we expected soon to be in the North Atlantic service, when I was awakened at 2 a.m. by a heavy pounding on my door, and a man calling in the dark: "The ship is on fire."

Night Blaze Wrecks Ship

The fire, which had started in the wireless room, was extinguished by dawn, the officers and men going into action promptly. I have never been more pleased with the discipline and ability of any crew of mine. But a whole great section of the ship's upper deck was gutted. The officers' quarters and most of the de luxe passenger accommodation were also ruined.

Six more months of work now lay ahead, and the Batory was not ready to leave until April, 1947. The eighty men already aboard were then joined by 240 others sent by air from Poland.

The Batory, refurbished, redecorated, and refurnished from bow to stern, dropped down the river Scheldt, and made her way through the Straits of Dover to Southampton Water.

I have never in my life had a prouder moment. The Batory was no Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth, but there were few other ships in the world with which she could not compare. We took 832 passengers aboard at Southampton. Every stateroom was taken, every berth filled.

She deserved the rousing welcome we received when we picked up the New York pilot and

On the India run, Cwiklinski watches a dancing display. Behind him, on the right, sits Kaminski, head of an extensive spy network in the Batory

came up the bay—whistles from scores of ships and tugs, plumes of water sprayed upwards by the city's fireboats, the genial welcome the reporters gave us, and the generous accounts in New York's great newspapers. We were in New York for only three days, and on the return voyage we once more found every stateroom filled. By now the crew was being well shaken into place. Our confidence had grown.

From Southampton we went to Copenhagen, and then looked forward to our first sight of Poland. The familiar coastline glided slowly by. I raised my binoculars as Gdynia came in view, the city that had been my home, that would be my home again as Poland was rebuilt.

Without my knowledge, an enormous wave of sentiment had swept the people of Gdynia. Their largest ship was coming home. Cheering people were crowded into every open space from which the Batory could be observed. I made my way down to the crowded quay, searching for my daughter Janina, whom I had not seen since before the war, when she had been four years old. There she was—a tall child, pale and serious, with long brown hair, brown eyes. I put my arm about her. I was with my daughter again—my child who had had no childhood, who had lost her mother (my first wife) in the terror of the Warsaw bombing eight years before, who had lost both grandmothers also, one to Communist Siberia and the other to more normal death.

But I was given no time to get acquainted with her. Rapacki, the Minister of Shipping, was waiting to greet me, and Petrusewicz, the Vice-Minister, and Admiral Steyer, of the Polish Navy, and more besides. And now I learned that Holy Mass was to be held aboard the Batory, and I was forced to hurry back. Communists would surely never suggest such a thing. Yet here were several important officials of a government which everyone said was Communist-controlled, who certainly planned to observe Mass.

The Communists Lie Low

As I knelt and crossed myself, I saw that Rapacki did likewise. Admiral Steyer did, also. Petrusewicz, however, a small, thin man with a small moustache, remained standing. He, I thought, was a fanatic, if ever I saw one.

While the ship was in port, I went ashore whenever I could. I visited friends who told me they felt no Communist pressure of any kind. I saw few signs of Communism anywhere. A few red flags were displayed, but mostly the red and white flag of Poland. Portraits of Boleslaw Bierut, the President, were rare. I saw hundreds of religious pictures for each one that had to do with Communism.

I myself was put under no Communist pressure of any kind, and certainly no pressure to join the party. In fact there was no Communist party operating openly under that name. There were a good many Communists in the government, but they seemed to be safely in the minority.

But the Communists were much more clever than I had realized. This was a period of organization, before they were ready to come into the open. On a small scale this business of organization had been going on directly before my eyes, and I had missed its significance. During the war, every Polish ship had had its "crew delegate," chosen by his fellows to represent them before the captain. It was a sound idea, but it was ready-made for the use of the Communists.

While we had still been in Antwerp, refitting, one of the crew had gone to Poland on leave. After he returned, I learned he was trying to get other members of the crew to join the new Polish Workers' Party—the P.P.R. He was saying in effect: "Join the P.P.R. and no one

can do a thing to you." It appeared he was making small headway, and at this stage of the game I still felt confident. I was the master of the Batory, and entirely satisfied that I could control any member of my crew.

But in 1948 I began to feel something new aboard my ship. A new "entertainment officer" was appointed, and I soon learned he was a dispenser of Communist propaganda. It was at this time, too, that the first inklings of spying aboard the Batory and of secret denunciations came to my ears. Now and then some members of the crew would go ashore in Gdynia and not return. Sometimes we never heard of them again, and sometimes we heard that they had been imprisoned.

On one occasion a member of the crew who had become an informer for the Urzad Bezpieczenstwa (secret police) set down a long list of names, labelling each of them according to Communist ideas of their "reliability." He was a careless fellow, for shortly after we had reached our New York pier he left it on the desk in his cabin, where a steward found it. The steward noted that comments followed each name—"untrustworthy," "to be arrested," and the like. His own name was on the list, followed by the chilling remark: "to be arrested."

Crew Got Spy's Blacklist

The steward did not lose his head. He made a copy of the list and very quietly showed it to everyone whose name had been included. When we sailed from New York, a day or two later, we went to sea without that steward and twenty-nine other members of the crew, all of whom had succeeded in getting away.

In the autumn of 1948, having returned to Gdynia after another voyage to America, I was called to the office of the shipping line. "You are to go to Danzig first thing tomorrow morning, Captain. Go to U.B. headquarters and ask for Comrade Peter."

"Is this anything serious?" I asked.

"I don't really know. But when they want someone for any extended period they don't ask by telephone. So good luck, Captain."

I tried to think of everything I had done or failed to do that might have been reported. I slept very badly that night. The company's limousine arrived promptly in the morning. I had dressed with some care in my best uniform. I began to talk with the driver.

"Captain," he said, "you are going to the U.B. front building. That is not so bad. The building behind—the one with bars at all the windows—is worse."

Into The Grim Building

The building at which we stopped had a ponderous guarded entrance barred by a heavy wooden door reinforced with steel. Behind a small window-like wicket sat a girl with an expressionless face. I told her I was master of the Batory; she made several phone calls, then gave me a pass.

I took it to the heavy door, which a soldier with a sub-machine gun opened for me. A sergeant took my pass, then called a private with a sub-machine gun and a revolver to be my guide. We mounted three flights of stairs, and I entered a small, plain room, painted white, with a small wooden desk, two straight chairs, and a standing lamp with an adjustable top that could be made to shine directly into a person's face. The window was barred.

A young man entered. "I am Peter," he told me, holding out his hand. He was a pleasant-looking person, blond, with blue eyes, wearing a sports jacket with riding boots and breeches—a costume, I was to learn, often worn by U.B. men. He offered me a cigarette and a match.

"Tell me, Captain," he began, "how long have you been at sea?"

When I told him, he asked me to tell him something about my life. I began to talk, wondering what he was after. I talked on for well over an hour. When at last I got around to the Batory, he began to question me—about the number of passengers carried, and whether I had made any friends on my voyages to America.

He was getting closer to what he wanted to know. After some questioning, he said: "Be careful. You may be asked by some American to be an informer. They may ask you about Poland, and if they do you must let us know. Be sure to do that, Captain. You see, I am in charge of your ship here."

"How was it, sir?" asked the chauffeur when, two hours later, I came out.

"Not bad," I told him in relief. "Not bad at all. But hurry, please."

I knew then that the Communists were determined to get control not only of the Batory and the other ships of the Polish merchant fleet but also of every important phase of life in Poland itself. I did what I could to resist this encroachment, though I had to use much care. I used my disciplinary powers as captain to rid the Batory of some of the more obnoxious men who were sent aboard. I even succeeded in breaking up a few Communist cells, using as a pretext the inefficiency of those who made them up.

Silent Men Watch The Ship

No one threatened me. I was still the captain. My orders were obeyed. The ship gave every appearance, as she entered and left Gdynia, Copenhagen, Southampton and New York, of being as free, as handsome, as comfortable and efficient as she had ever been.

But it was becoming more and more difficult to know who might be trusted. I was conscious that I was being watched by those who would report my every action each time we reached Gdynia. And when we were in that port, the Batory was watched by silent, expressionless men who rarely spoke to anyone. Obviously under the direction of the U.B., they were always to be seen on the quay.

In May, 1949, we were due to sail from New York. The ship was crowded with the 836 passengers, and some fifteen or sixteen hundred friends who had come aboard to see them off, paying twenty-five cents each for the privilege. After the usual trouble in ridding the ship of so many visitors, at twelve o'clock we blew three short blasts on our siren and, with our tugs helping us, backed slowly out into the river. We turned in midstream, passed the Statue of Liberty, dropped the harbour pilot near Ambrose Channel Lightship, and set our course to the east.

I looked forward to another uneventful crossing, and certainly did not know that an unobtrusive and partly bald little man had come aboard on a visitor's ticket and had not gone ashore.

About five or five thirty that afternoon the chief purser, Borowicz, came to me and reported: "One stowaway, sir."

"Who is he?"

"He gives the name of Gerhart Eisler. And, sir, since giving himself up he has bought a first-class ticket to Gdynia."

This was something new and should, perhaps, have warned me that there was more to the matter than appeared on the surface. However, I merely wondered where he might be accommodated.

"We could put him in the hospital," Borowicz suggested. This seemed sensible, and I agreed. I told the purser to make his usual report, which read: "Mr. Eisler stated that he had for a long time been trying to get transportation to Europe, but had failed, and as he had to get to Germany for family reasons, he had just walked on board as a visitor, paying

Gerhart Eisler, America's top Communist, stowed away in the Batory at New York. Scotland Yard ship reached Southampton. Says Cwiklinski: "Even if I had had the will, I was in no position

men carried him off when the to stand against the British"

When a small seaplane landed near the Batory seventy-five miles out from New York, Cwiklinski prepared for another strange incident. The pilot was hauled aboard with his plane. He gave a false name, and handed over a revolver

the usual twenty-five cents for a ticket. He was in possession of three hundred dollars, and expected that, once at sea, he would be able to buy his passage."

By normal procedure, the purser made a wireless report to the New York office. Then he came across an article about Eisler in an American magazine in which he was referred to as "America's Number One Communist." Clearly, this stowaway was no ordinary one.

An International Incident

After six days out from New York, I had still not seen Eisler. We had learned, of course, that he was a fugitive from justice, that charges of contempt of Congress had been brought against him in the United States, and that he had been out on bail when he bought his visitor's ticket and came on board the Batory. It was also beginning to be clear that the affair was developing into an international incident. I consequently sent a message to our managing director in Gdynia, asking for instructions, and also sent one to our London office, asking Antkowiak, the London director, and Ziemlewski, to come aboard when we arrived.

About this time, Richard Jaffe, an American correspondent who was a passenger aboard, asked me if I had any objections to his sending wireless messages to New York, reporting his conversations with Eisler. I replied that it was Eisler's affair, not mine. Then I called Eisler to my cabin and asked him if he knew about Jaffe's articles. He said he did, that he had permitted Jaffe to interview him, and that he was willing to have the stories sent. His appearance in no way suggested the kind of person he had been said to be. He was utterly unimpressive.

A few hours before we reached Southampton a message arrived from our London office: "Master Batory. Yours twelfth. Requested authorities arriving." This relieved me a good deal. With a director of the line and a Polish vice-consul aboard, I would not have to make all the decisions. A message had already arrived from Vice-Consul Ziemlewski, telling me to keep Eisler in custody and not to hand him over to any authorities.

We arrived in Southampton and anchored in Cowes Roads. Two British officials and several men from Scotland Yard were awaiting our arrival, along with representatives of the American Embassy. Panski, head of the Polish Shipping Mission in London, came aboard, too, with Morski, the counsellor of the Polish Embassy, and Ziemlewski.

The British asked point blank whether I would hand Eisler over.

"My responsibility as regards political matters," I replied, "ends when we reach port if there is a consular official aboard."

The British turned to Panski and Ziemlewski, asking the same question of them. Both Polish officials said they did not agree to Eisler's being taken. The two British officials left the ship. It was not long before they returned, however, and once more asked me if they might take Eisler.

"I have told you my position, gentlemen," I replied. "But why don't you ask Mr. Eisler if he will go ashore with you voluntarily?"

They agreed, and the little man who had caused all this trouble was called in. "Mr. Eisler," he was asked, "will you come ashore with us?"

His expression was serious. He looked at me and the other Poles who were present, no doubt counting on us to back him up.

"No," he replied, "I shall resist."

One of the Englishmen turned to me. "Captain, will you resist?"

"No," I replied, "how can I?"

Eisler said, "I request permission to write a message to the public protesting against your action."

They agreed, and he wrote out a statement while the rest of us waited. When he had finished, one of the Englishmen asked him if he would come willingly.

"No. You'll have to use force."

Not much force was needed. With a man at each elbow he was escorted to the gangplank that led down to a tender alongside. He dragged his feet a little and his face was red, but he went with no real struggle. And with one man holding his feet and with two others holding his hands while the seat of his pants bumped now and then on the cleated runway, he was taken from the Batory. Such dignity as he had been able momentarily to muster had completely disappeared.

Cold Voice On The Phone

Between the time we left Southampton and the time we reached Gdynia I gave little thought to anything else. Even if I had had the will I had been in no position to stand against the British. But the U.B. was very prominently in my mind.

When we docked in Gdynia, I was called to the telephone. The managing director was on the line. "Captain," he told me in a coldly impersonal voice, "be in this office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. You are to be interrogated about the Eisler affair."

"I will be there," I replied. There was no further word. I merely heard the click as the phone was hung up.

I went home early that evening. My wife and children—I had married again during the war—must have felt my concern. I tried to shrug the matter off, but I could think of nothing else.

Next morning I went to the offices and was

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My son, my son

by ***LOUIS KRETSCHMAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Forgive? I could never forgive. It was Watson's fault that Billy had been killed. And here was my chance to ruin him

IT WAS PERFECT SHOOTING WEATHER, that Saturday morning in November—one of God's perfect days. My first thought, after Mary, my wife, called me and I stumbled into the bathroom, was that Billy and I were going out after small game today.

Billy, my son, loved shooting. He had had a .22 target rifle since he was eight years old. A few weeks before, for his twelfth birthday, I had given him a single-barrelled 16-bore shotgun. This would be his first opportunity to use it in the field.

Downstairs, the kitchen was full of tantalizing early-morning fragrance. Somehow a farmhouse kitchen seems the right place to eat.

Mary was already seated, sipping her coffee. Someone was shooting down in the hollow.

"Where's Billy?" I asked.

Mary set her cup down, smiling. I sensed what was coming. Ever since I had given up my career as a junior partner in a London law firm and had sunk everything we had into this dairy farm, she had been building up a fine pretence that all the animals—the cows, the dogs, the cat, even Billy—lived only for me and merely tolerated her.

She said: "He had me up at five o'clock. This is a big day in his life, you know; his daddy's going to take him hunting!"

I laughed. It was good to realize Billy appreciated it.

"He took his gun out," Mary added, shaking her head, pretending impatience, "to do some target practice. Said you are to signal him with three shots when you're ready to go."

More shots sounded from the hollow. That must be Billy, although it sounded like two different guns.

We finished eating and sat there lingering over an extra cup of coffee. One of the things we loved about living in the country was these unhurried times together.

Suddenly I saw Clem, our handyman, cutting across the meadow. He was running fast, heading for the house.

"Look at Clem," I said. "Never seen *him* move so fast!"

Mary looked out of the window. "Probably something wrong with one of the cows."

A vague foreboding stirred in my mind. There was a desperate urgency in the way Clem ran. He was too old for such violent exertion. "No. He wouldn't be coming in that direction from the cowshed." I stood up. "I'd better go out and meet him."

Clem waved as he saw me cross the drive and open the meadow gate.

"Mr. Collins! Mr. Collins!" he yelled while he was still a distance from me. Then he was at my side, clinging to the gatepost with one hand and clutching my arm with the other, gasping for breath.

"It's Billy," he panted. His face was an unhealthy red from the running. "Billy's been shot," he cried. His eyes went beyond me and he lowered his voice, still wheezing and gasping. "He's shot, dead."

I looked round. Mary was standing behind me, her eyes wide, her mouth open in a silent exclamation of horror and disbelief.

I shook her. "Get Doctor Hershey on the phone," I said sharply. "Clem, you go up to the house with Mrs. Collins and lie down."

I started running.

It's a good half mile across the meadow to the hollow, a wild tangle of bushes and creepers. I ran for it with all my strength. And I prayed. I told myself that Clem was wrong—that he was old and prone to exaggeration.

I was fighting for breath when I reached the crest of a slight rise in the meadow. From there I could see the far fence and the tangle of the hollow behind it.

Jamie Watson was there, kneeling and crying. Jamie is Oliver Watson's boy. He is only a few months older than Billy, and they were the best of friends, even as my neighbour Oliver and I.

Somehow I managed to run faster. Then I heard Jamie's voice above the pounding of my own feet and the wind in my ears. He was sobbing hysterically.

I was over the fence in a leap and dropped beside the boy, shaking him. "Jamie!" I yelled, but the sound of my voice did not stop his insane bawling. I shook him harder. "Jamie! What is it?" Then I saw Billy's khaki jacket.

HE was slumped beside one of the bushes, his face to the ground. At his side, where it had dropped from his hand when he fell, lay his .22.

Oh, no . . . it couldn't be. I moved closer. I saw the perforation in the back of his jacket between the shoulder blades. *Oh, God, no . . . please, no. . . .*

I turned him over. There wasn't a mark of injury, except for that little lead-coloured hole. I tried to find the pulse at his wrist, but couldn't. I was too upset, I told myself. A little puncture like that couldn't be too serious. I put my hand in under his shirt and waited hopefully, expectantly. There was no heartbeat.

I had to believe it then—Billy was gone—yet I wouldn't accept the fact. Doctors do wonders with medicine these days, I reasoned. They could resuscitate. They could massage a heart back to life; with a needle they could keep it going. I had to get Billy to the doctor as quickly as possible.

I lifted him in my arms and started back towards the house. When I was on the other side of the fence, I remembered Jamie was still there. I looked down at him. He was silent now, watching me with an expression of horrified awe.

"Go home," I said. "Tell your father what happened."

I went on across the field, hurrying, but trying not to jar Billy too much. He felt very light in my arms.

Doctor Hershey was standing at the kitchen door as I staggered across the drive. I don't know what Mary had said to him, or how he could have come so quickly, but he held the door open and helped me to lay Billy on the living-room sofa. Mary hovered beside him, forcing herself not to interfere.

The doctor knelt beside Billy, feeling, probing, testing. Mary moved into my arms, and we stood breathless, waiting.

Finally, he looked up, and there was infinite sorrow in the lines of his face. He shook his head slowly, sadly. "It's too late, Jim."

Mary let out a cry and crumpled on top of Billy, clutching that still, small form to her, weeping as if her heart would break. I reached for her, but the doctor moved between us and pushed me back into a chair.

"Let her cry," he said, looking at me queerly. "And you stay there. Have you any whisky in the house?"

I told him where it was, and he brought me a tumbler half-full. "Drink that, Jim. You've had a bad shock." He stood over me until I took a good swallow, then said: "I'll have to call the coroner, Jim."

I nodded dumbly.

Then he left, and I heard him talking on the phone. Mary was still with Billy, still weeping. I think that was when I first gave up hope—first accepted the unalterable fact of death, its terrible finality.

THAT night and the following day I have to forget. Words are silly, empty, inadequate. Mary needed me, I needed her; and we went on.

On Monday there was the inquest at which all the facts were presented. The bullet, a hollow-point, long-rifle .22, had pierced and torn through Billy's heart, then lodged against a rib. Despite the thousand places where it could have done him little, or even serious, but not fatal, damage, that bullet had found a vital spot.

Jamie Watson, with his father at his side, gave testimony. His young voice trembled, on the verge of tears, as he told how the accident happened. He had fired a number of shots at the target. Then, as Billy fired, Jamie stood back to reload. He inserted a clip and pushed the bolt forward, and the gun, instead of cocking, fired. Billy fell without a sound.

Someone else testified that he owned a gun of the same make as Jamie's, and that it also had misfired several times when he had been reloading.

The jury, of course, found Jamie Watson not responsible.

I hurried Mary away, back to the farm, brushing aside the well-meant offers of sympathy, avoiding Jamie and Oliver and Mrs. Watson. There was a feeling of unreality about it all, as if I had attended a legal function that did not concern me; as if it were someone else's son who had been killed. And yet, the next day was Billy's funeral.

That evening, after we forced ourselves to eat a silent dinner, Clem came to us and told us that young Jamie had gone back to the hospital after the inquest. He had been

I could speak no words of consolation, and I heard Alice ring off, weeping. Mary came up behind me. "Oh, Jim," she said. "You mustn't feel like that"

in the hospital ever since the accident and was still under treatment for shock.

I felt no sorrow or sympathy. I had reached a point beyond feeling. Mary rose from her chair and went to the phone immediately.

Clem still stood uncertainly before me, turning his hat in his hands.

"All right, Clem," I said. "Thanks. I'll see you in the morning."

Beyond the sound of my own voice I could hear Mary saying, "Oliver, this is Mary Collins. May I speak to Alice?" Clem shuffled out, giving me a queer glance.

Mary said: "Alice, we've just heard that Jamie's still in the hospital. How is he?" There was a long pause, then: "I know, Alice, I know." Another pause, filled with the muffled metallic sound of Mrs. Watson's voice on the wire.

What did these people expect, I thought bitterly. Sympathy? But if anyone deserved sympathy. . . .

Mary began talking again. "It's been an awful shock, Alice. . . . We can't get over it . . . but tell Jamie I said, well, that it must have been God's will. That we accept it that way, and he must, too. . . . Now, Alice, don't cry. We'll all have to think of it that way."

I was filled with an overwhelming, heart-rending admiration for Mary; with a loss so great she could still be so generous. But in some curious, numb way, I resented it, too.

Her voice came again. "Just a minute, Alice. Jim's here. He wants to say something to you."

She held the phone towards me. There was pleading and authority in her glance. But I did not move. She beckoned me with her free hand. I continued to sit there. She set her jaw severely and silently ordered me to take the phone.

I took it. "Hallo, Alice." The tired, tear-filled voice of Jamie Watson's mother came back across the wires, and there was deep humility in it.

I don't know what she said. My own mind was a jumble of conflicting emotion. I listened, saying "Yes" occasionally. I knew I should do as Mary had done, but I couldn't speak the necessary words of forgiveness. At last I said: "Well, tell him to get better, Alice. Making himself sick won't change it."

Those meagre words were the best I could do. I listened to her break into renewed weeping, and finally said goodbye.

Mary was standing behind me, looking at me curiously—the same look that Clem had given me. I couldn't fool Mary. I could hide nothing from her.

She put her arms around me as I stood up, and pressed her head to my shoulder. "Oh, Jim. You mustn't feel like that."

I held her. "I know, Mary. I know. . . . I'll get over it." I clung to her, reaching, searching for some hidden strength; then I moved away from her. "I'm going outside," I said.

THE fields were heavy with dew; the silent night was majestic, the sky spangled with stars. On how many nights like this had I stood alone, the lights of the old stone farmhouse bright and reassuring, knowing that my wife and my son were snug and safe inside, and thought: God's in his heaven. Tonight there was only emptiness, frustration, the blackness of night.

I walked out into the darkness, and sorrow and fear and loneliness walked with me. I felt sorrow for myself and Mary, anguish for that lost young life, so bursting with promise, that would never know the joyous fulfilment of growing into manhood, of learning and working and loving and eating and all the glories that fill man's days. For the first time I was afraid of the future. I dreaded tomorrow and all the tomorrows stretching vacantly ahead, empty, without purpose or goal, now that the central motive of our life was gone. Never had I felt so alone.

I tried to reason. It was an accident, nothing more. It was over and done and best forgotten. Mary had said, God's will. But was it? If Billy had slept late that morning—if I had been up earlier—if Jamie Watson had not taken his gun. . . . I could not accept the excuse that God had willed a careless, thoughtless boy to load a lethal weapon with it pointed at someone else's back.

Billy had a profound respect for guns. I had taught him that from his earliest days. Billy would never point a gun at anything but a target, even with the breech open, even with the gun broken. That was the first rule of handling a gun, no matter how sure one was that it could not fire.

Did the crime go back beyond Jamie to his father? Any man who would let a child use a gun so wantonly should be held criminally responsible. Such a ridiculously unnecessary accident was not an accident. It was a deliberate act of stupidity and thoughtlessness and selfish disregard for others.

I STOPPED at a fence post and kicked it until my leg ached. *Oh, the needless, unforgivable, sinful waste*—I felt so helpless, so inadequate, so desperately in need of doing something to release my grief, and there was nothing I could do. Nothing but bottle it up and show the hypocritical, civilized face of forgiveness.

The next couple of days, I bottled up my resentment. Oh, I wasn't fooling Mary, but at least I hid it from everyone else. Mary was too close to me. She could see my reaction to the little things that kept the tragedy fresh in our minds—the school bus, loaded with yelling children, whizzing by without stopping; the silent dinners that used to be so noisy with talk and laughter; Billy's picture on a table in the living-room.

On the Thursday, I was looking at the barn roof—some shingles would have to be replaced before winter set in—when a strange car turned into the lane. The driver pulled up before me and got out, offering his hand.

"Mr. Collins?" he asked. "James Collins?"

"Yes," I said. I didn't know the man. He was about my age, thin and wiry, with shrewd, darting eyes and a mouth that pulled to the side when he talked.

"My name is Smogg," he said briskly. "Alexander Smogg. I'm a lawyer. I was at the inquest that exonerated Jamie Watson of your son's death, Mr. Collins."

He paused. There was something about him that warned me. "Yes," I said.

"I think you have grounds to bring a civil suit against the boy's parents, Mr. Collins. I think we could get about four thousand pounds for your loss without any trouble. I'd like to represent you in such a suit."

The idea shocked me. It hadn't entered my thoughts until that moment. But as the man talked on, explaining the legal procedure with which I was familiar, that amount—£4,000—registered in my mind. Oliver Watson had only recently paid off a £4,000 mortgage on his farm.

Wasn't it true justice that he should share the loss? That £4,000 would set Oliver Watson right back where he had started. It wasn't as great as my own loss had been, but it would hurt. If the law valued a life in hard cash, shouldn't I?

Here was something concrete. Action. Something I could do to strike back and make Oliver Watson suffer as I had suffered. A way to avenge that criminally thoughtless act.

The man was still talking as I said: "Listen, Smogg. I'll be in town tomorrow." I had to go in to get the shingles for the barn roof. "I'll think it over and drop in to see you."

He gave me his card and left. I stood there thinking. Not thinking whether I would bring

He was afraid of me—but he was now offering

suit or not—that was settled—but letting the legally trained side of my mind take over. Calculating the action that would be necessary to win such a suit when the coroner's jury had found Oliver's son not responsible. No more did I feel that stifling, maddening inadequacy.

I slept that night. Next morning by ten o'clock I had been in to town, given Smogg authority to begin the suit and planned a tightly-knit case, got my shingles and started back. It was perfect shooting weather. A pheasant flew across the road so close I had to slow the car. I watched it stalk grandly across a field, thinking it would probably be a long time—maybe never—before I would again take up a gun.

Back at the barn, I set up my ladders. In the tool shed I got a saw and hatchet. A hatchet is the right tool for repairing a shingle roof. You can split the shingles to size and hammer the nails with the one tool.

I'd been up on the roof a half hour or so when I heard Mary calling me. I turned around, and my elbow knocked the hatchet off the rung of the ladder where I had balanced it instead of

Doug Smith races time to be a champion

by KEITH ELLIS

Britain's top jockey crams race after race into a crowded week. He will even charter a plane to ride another winner

At his home on Lord Derby's estate, Smith says goodbye to his wife and children. His son Michael (left) is already learning to ride

Smith often flies to meetings. He receives retainers from three stables to ensure that he is booked to ride whenever there is racing

After each race day, Smith tries to get home to see his children, Wendy and Michael. His wife, Pat, employs a nanny to look after them

THE ENTRANTS in the 1946 One Thousand Guineas were moving slowly towards the starting-gate when Doug Smith's mount, Hypericum, suddenly darted forward into the tapes. For a few yards, the stout elastic stretchers gave way; then, quickly reasserting themselves, they flung back horse and rider. Smith was thrown heavily, and the horse galloped the full length of the course to the car park. Officials postponed the race and sent an ambulance to Smith.

A few minutes later, when a helper was leading Hypericum back, the ambulance carrying Smith sped down the course. As it reached the horse, spectators were astonished to see Smith leap out, mount Hypericum, and canter back to the start. The race was run nine minutes late: Smith came in first, with Gordon Richards second and Eph Smith—Douglas's brother—third.

Runner-up To Richards

Last year, at thirty-seven, Douglas Smith became champion jockey after winning 129 races. Except for 1948, when he had a spell in hospital, he had been runner-up to Gordon Richards every year since 1946. Although the One Thousand Guineas was his only classic win, he has been placed twice in the Derby, twice in the St. Leger and once in the Oaks. He has won the Ascot Gold Cup twice, the Goodwood Cup twice, four successive Doncaster Cups and, in Coronation year, he won the Royal Hunt Cup for the Queen.

"My ambition is to win the Derby," he says. "I believe I have a good chance this year on Acropolis."

Although Smith refuses to disclose his income, it is estimated to be well over £10,000 a year. In addition to retainers from Lord Derby, Geoffrey Brooke and Harry Peacock, he drew the customary £5 5s. a ride for his 758 rides in 1954. He also gets a tenth of all winnings. When, in 1949, he won the Ascot Gold Cup and the King Edward VII Stakes within forty-five minutes, his share was more than £1,600.

Trainers regard Smith as one of the most hard-working jockeys in racing. "Douglas Smith is aggressive," says Harry Peacock. "He goes out to win." To cram as many rides as possible into his week, Smith makes a regular practice of flying to meetings when the weather is suitable. In one week, he travelled by train three times from the south of England to Scotland and back, spending six nights in sleepers.

Says Lord Derby's trainer, George Colling: "Many jockeys, when they're engaged to ride at a meeting in the north, don't bother to return to Newmarket each night. Doug Smith flies down at the end of each day and works with the horses next morning. In the afternoon, he flies back north."

"The more you work with your horses," says Smith, "the better you get to know them. Besides, when a trainer pays me money, it's up to me to do the best I can for him."

Smith is an excellent judge of pace, a quality which stood him in good stead when he rode Alycidon in the 1949 Ascot Gold Cup. His most serious challenger was Edgar Britt on Black Tarquin, a combination which had narrowly beaten Smith on Alycidon in the 1948 St. Leger. Alycidon was a stayer, and his owner, Lord Derby, believed he had been beaten because the race had been run comparatively slowly and Black Tarquin had a fast turn of speed which Britt had used in a final burst. To speed up the Gold Cup race, Lord Derby also entered two pacemakers, Stockbridge and Benny Lynch.

When the starting-gate went up, Stockbridge galloped ahead. While it drew on the other horses, Benny Lynch and Alycidon hung back. After a mile, Benny Lynch moved up and took the running from Stockbridge, which dropped back exhausted (and finished last). Smith still held Alycidon back.

Tactics Beat His Rivals

Britt was carefully following Smith. "I had got wind of the plan," he says, "and I reckoned my best chance was to lie just behind Doug. Six furlongs from home, he started to move up. I drew level with his girth. We raced for all we were worth but the swiftness of the race had taken the edge off Black Tarquin's turn of speed. Doug beat me by five lengths."

Other jockeys acknowledged Smith's skill. "In a race," says Harry Carr, "he's a good man to follow. Unlike some jockeys, he knows where he's going. He never gets hemmed in."

Says Britt: "He's won many races that on form he shouldn't have won. He knows exactly when to hang back and when to go ahead."

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Riding Tudor Jinks, another winner, Smith is led on to the course at Lincoln. His ambition is to win the Derby. He thinks he may do it this year

bulging chest. Other jockeys envy his ability to keep his weight. "I never have to 'waste' by dieting or taking Turkish baths," he says.

His natural smallness gives Smith two advantages. Because there are many more mounts for light jockeys in handicaps, he has the chance —which he takes—of about ten per cent more rides than heavier jockeys. And, not having to "waste," he keeps his strength. "Doug is as strong after two miles as most fellows a stone heavier," says Britt. "He has a man's strength at a boy's weight."

Worries Over His Errors

Whenever he loses a race which he thinks he should have won, Smith worries deeply. "He's much more concerned than the owner and trainer," says Harry Peacock. "At the same time, he carefully analyses his ride so that he can learn from his mistakes."

As an apprentice, Smith rode Shining Cloud in the first Cesarewitch of his career. Believing he would win easily, he streaked to the front when there were still two and half furlongs to go. With a lead of four lengths, he felt safe enough to look round—and saw another horse racing up. Smith urged on Shining Cloud, but, with half a furlong to go, the other horse overtook him and won. "Every horse has one burst of speed," he says. "I used Shining Cloud's too soon. Today, I could win that race easily."

Confident of his powers, Smith is nevertheless noted for his modesty. He has changed little since he was an apprentice, say his friends. "He is scrupulously honest, very loyal and a perfect gentleman. I treat him more as a friend than a jockey," says Peacock, for whom he has ridden more than twenty years. Harry Carr says he is popular with other jockeys. "There's no one we would rather have as successor to Sir Gordon as champion," he says.

The third son of a farmer, Douglas Smith was born in 1917 at Shottesbrook, Berkshire. "We rode from the time we could walk and often took part in shows." All three boys wanted to be jockeys. But their father believed that trainers whipped and starved their stable-lads.. He insisted that the eldest son should work on the farm, which he now manages.

By the time Ephraim reached the right age, their father had changed his mind and apprenticed him to Major Sneyd, who had an establishment near Wantage. A year later, Douglas followed.

For the next seven years, young Douglas devoted himself exclusively to horses. Up at six thirty with the other apprentices, he spent his mornings exercising horses. In the afternoons he weeded, chopped grass and gathered dandelions for the horses. From 4.30 to 7 p.m., he groomed horses in the stables. After supper, he was often too tired to do anything but sleep.

At thirteen and a half, four months after going into stables, he had his first ride, in an apprentices' race at Salisbury. "I was only four stone eleven and came in nowhere." A year later, when he weighed five stones, Sneyd entered him again for the same event. He won by a head.

Smith's annual number of winners climbed steadily. In 1933 he angered punters at Chepstow by beating Gordon Richards's 3-1 favourite in the last race of the second day. Richards had won all six races on the first day and the first five on the second.

Rode For King George VI

Five years later, Smith struck one of the worst patches known in British racing. For 111 races, he rode not a single winner, and only broke the run in his last race of the season.

When he was called up in 1942, he lost the retainer he had from Frank Butters and the Aga Khan. Shortly afterwards, however, Captain Boyd-Rochfort engaged him to ride for King George VI. Stationed on Doncaster race course as a private in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, Smith used to ride in the north on Saturday afternoons and occasionally took two days off—in lieu of leave—to ride at Newmarket in mid-week.

"My sergeant used to ask me for tips," he says. "One Saturday I told him to back Billy Nevett, also stationed at Doncaster, who was riding against me at Stockton. He did so. But I beat Nevett. The sergeant was extremely annoyed."

Demobbed in 1945, Smith left the Royal stables the following year and accepted a retainer from Lord Derby, for whom he has ridden ever since. The retainer gives Lord Derby first call on his services. In 1953, he took a second retainer, from Geoffrey Brooke. He also has a third retainer from Harry Peacock—an arrangement that ensures him work in the north on days when there is no racing in the south.

Swiss Holiday In Winter

In 1948, Smith married Pat, the daughter of Fred Winter, the trainer, and sister of Fred Winter, the steeplechase jockey. With their two children, Michael, five and a half, and Wendy, three and a half, they live in an eight-roomed house on Lord Derby's estate at Newmarket. They have a maid, a chauffeur and a nanny. Michael is already taking riding lessons. Every January, the Smiths spend a month in St. Moritz, where Douglas is an acknowledged expert on curling. He also goes walking, shoots and plays tennis.

Smith had his worst fall in 1941. King George VI's horse, Channel Swell, suddenly swerved across the course at Newmarket and hit the rails. Smith's horse was in close pursuit and crashed into Channel Swell. Smith suffered a broken nose, a broken thumb, a dislocated shoulder and an injured foot. He was in hospital for four weeks.

Two seasons later, Harry Peacock bought Channel Swell and asked Smith to ride him. "I was a bit nervous at first," he recalls, "but I agreed." He rode Channel Swell to victory nine times. Says Edgar Britt: "Douglas Smith never gives up."

THE END

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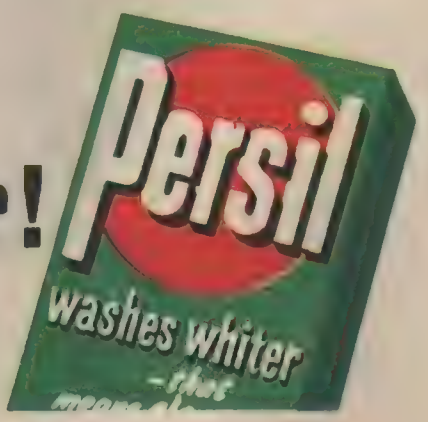


PER 1424-1781

Carran's window commandos brave the heights

by JOHN SANDILANDS

Whatever happens, Cliff Carran leads his team in a dash to get the windows clean. He has been trailed by security police—and once he kept one jump ahead of a Royal tour

ON A RECENT window-cleaning job at a London newspaper office, Cliff Carran was standing on a ladder perched on a ledge forty feet above the ground. As he leaned over to reach a distant pane, there was a resounding crack and the ladder lurched sideways. Clinging on grimly to keep upright, Carran looked down and saw that one side of the ladder had snapped just below the bottom rung. He yelled for help and leaned heavily in the opposite direction to maintain his balance.

"The move was more successful than I expected," Carran says. "With the added pressure, the other side snapped in almost the same place. The ladder came back on an even keel and I was able to carry on working."

As foreman of a twenty-two strong window-cleaning "commando," Carran, a wiry, thirty-year-old Londoner, sets the pace for the rest of his team and takes risks and narrow escapes in his stride. His men specialize in large-scale jobs on office blocks, warehouses, factories, churches and hospitals, and they work against a strict contract time limit. They allow little or nothing to delay them.

His Scheme Saved Hours

On a seven-storey building in Holborn, Carran and his men were baffled by the outside upper panes of the top-floor windows. For a moment the job looked impossible without the lengthy business of erecting cradles and block and tackle.

Then Carran hit on a plan. Knotting several cleaning leathers together, he made a sling and ordered two of his gang to lower him over the edge of the roof to the level of the panes. "Even standing on the roof, it was a nerve-racking business," says one of the men, "but Cliff insisted on going ahead. His scheme saved hours on the job."

Time saving is vital, Carran explains, because delay on one job means difficulty in deploying his full team on the next. Often, too, window-cleaning operations are timed to coincide with interior work so that the minimum of inconvenience is caused in the building where the work is going on.

Cleaning the windows of a large Thames-side warehouse whose rear wall rose straight out of the water, one of Carran's gang tried to avoid cradling by resting his ladder on a barge moored against the building. He was working well until a passing vessel raised a heavy wash. The barge

Continued on page 62

High in a church, Carran (left) works with a colleague. To reach top-floor windows in one building, he sat in a sling of wash-leathers

THE LITTLE WALLS

by ***WINSTON GRAHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

I had held her in my arms and kissed her, but still I was not sure of her love. Between us fell a dark shadow: the thought of Buckingham

SOON I WOULD know for certain whether Charles Sanbergh was the man who was bound up in my brother's death. I had suspected it for days—and now Martin Coxon had arrived in Capri to identify him. . . .

On his last archaeological expedition in Indonesia, my brother, Grevil, had met a shady adventurer named Jack Buckingham. Grevil had been on his way home via Holland when he died—drowned in an Amsterdam canal. And Buckingham, who had been seen with him a few hours earlier, had disappeared. . . . Despite this, the police view was that Grevil had committed suicide: in his pocket they had found a letter, apparently breaking off an affair, which was signed, "Leonie."

To me, Philip Turner, the police theory was inconceivable and I had gone to Amsterdam to make my own inquiries, taking Martin Coxon with me. Coxon was one of the few people who knew Buckingham. Unfortunately, he was called back to England, and when I picked up Leonie's trail—her full name was Mrs. Helen Winter—I followed it on my own.

She was staying in Capri with a rich widow named Charlotte Weber. I introduced myself to Mme Weber as Philip Norton. I soon found that some of her friends seemed to resent my presence on the island. One, a yachtsman called Charles Sanbergh, was particularly hostile. I thought I knew why—he fitted the description I had of Buckingham. I wrote to Coxon, asking him to come out and take a look at Sanbergh.

Before Coxon arrived, I told Leonie who I was and asked her what she knew about Grevil's death. She astonished me by saying that she hadn't known him very well—if I would give her a day's grace she would explain about the letter. There was "someone else" involved, she said. I knew she meant Sanbergh. . . .

Coxon didn't get a chance to see Sanbergh during his first evening on the island. I was a bit disappointed but I knew it was almost inevitable that they would meet the next day.

I was up early that morning. A party of us had arranged to pay a dawn visit to the famous blue grotto, and I was out of bed before five.

PART FIVE

Into The Blue Grotto

IT was still very dark, and after I came out of the narrow alley and turned down the motor road I saw that there were no stars out. A heavy cloud hanging over the island had snuffed out the sky. We had arranged to meet at the Marina Piccola to avoid disturbing people at the Villa Atrani, and it crossed my mind, as I went down the hill, that the assignation might be a drunken jest which none of the others would remember this morning.

The darkness before dawn is like no other part of the night, and the island was very still. When at last I got to the last hairpin, I saw three figures moving across the little jetty and caught the flash of a torch. By now, in the farthest reaches of the sky, there was a stain of light, and, imperceptibly, the land was growing less dark.

As I crunched across the pebbles to join them, Jane said: "Ah, here he comes. Good morning, Philip. I'm sorry to say there's quite an argument in progress right now. Are you weather-wise, darling?"

"Scarcely ever," I said. Leonie was standing very still against the wall of rock; da Cossa, who had said no word of greeting, was paying off some slack rope and staring out to sea. "Where's White?"

"We couldn't get him up," said Jane. "He said he wasn't feeling too good, but I think it was that party. It went on for quite a while after you left, darling. And now, Nicolo refuses to go because of the weather."

Da Cossa turned. "There is a storm coming. I have repeated that three times. I know the signs too well."

"What sort of a storm?" I asked, my eyes on Leonie. "If it's a thunderstorm it shouldn't hurt us."

"If it is a thunderstorm it may not *hurt* you, though it will certainly wet you. But the wind will get up. You think because the sea is so calm it is always calm. Nothing is less true."

JANE shrugged. "Well, I suppose you should know. But I surely do hate to give up after all the effort of an early rise. I shall be awful mad if we stay ashore and nothing happens. You're taking a great responsibility, Nicolo."

"Very well, I take it."

"What does Leonie think?" I asked, trying to draw her in.

She did not turn.

"Leonie thinks we should go," said Jane.

"I agree," I said.

"That's three to one, Nicolo," Jane said, patting da Cossa's arm.

"What Mr. Norton does is his own responsibility. He is of age and may please himself. But I, too, am the same. I have lived on this island all my life. I dived and swam here before you were born, Jane. I shall not go to the Grotto today, and I shall ask you not to go either."

The paling in the east only showed up the pall of cloud. Jane said: "Oh, well, perhaps we'd better call it off."

I said: "The boat's seaworthy, isn't it?"

"Of course."

"Da Cossa need not come."

"Jane must not go," said da Cossa. "It is not safe——"

"What about you?" Jane said to Leonie.

She spoke at last. "Oh, I don't mind. Give it up if you like."

"Why should we like?" I said. "Da Cossa has put it fairly enough. We can go on our own responsibility."

"Not Jane," said da Cossa again.

"It's up to her," I said. "Anyway, perhaps Leonie will come with me."

Leonie looked at me then for the first time. "Do you think that would be a good idea?"

"I think it would be a good idea."

It wasn't easy to see, but I felt we stared at each other then with that antagonism which had got into us and which wasn't antagonism any more.

She said: "All right. I'll go with Philip."

WHEN we started, it was quite chilly. The outboard motor puttered away easily enough, and I sat in the stern with it. Leonie sat in the bows. She had got as far away from me as she could. It wasn't very far.

I'd thought at first, from her silence on the quay, that she had been prepared to carry on the vendetta from where we left off yesterday. Now I knew it wasn't so. My blood seemed to be beating rather thickly. Even the fact that we said nothing for the first ten minutes made no difference.

The run from the Marina Piccola is a good bit longer than from the Marina Grande. Seen from a tiny boat the rocks are very grim, and I steered well out to begin with. Then, as the light grew, I came in close beside that thousand-foot cliff we had been peering over a couple of days ago. The sea here was probably sixty or seventy fathoms deep. Thunder mumbled in the distance.

I said: "Is it much farther?"

"I don't think so. I've only been once before."

A flicker of forked lightning lit up the cliffs and the cloud. We both waited; the thunder came quickly; when it had gone, the sea seemed quieter, more oily, slithering and sucking round the boat. I steered out to avoid a nearby submerged rock that raised its snout on our bow. Presently, we rounded the second headland.

I said: "Leonie."

"Yes?"

"Why did you agree to come out with me this

I put my hands on her shoulders: she was still wet from her swim. I bent down and kissed her. She didn't make a fuss, but she didn't play back

morning? I thought you might want to sidestep a private meeting."

She was silent for a minute. "Was I very rude last night?"

"I gave you good cause."

"Some time I hope I'll be in a position to explain why."

"It wasn't only the most obvious reason, then."

"What reason?" She looked up quickly.

"My searching your room."

"No. . . ."

The breeze was blowing her hair and she put up her hands to fasten it.

I said: "I'm glad you feel better today."

"Do I? It isn't all that straightforward yet."

I watched her. "You look like a caryatid supporting the world."

"A small and rather shabby part of it."

"If you told me about that, I might be able to judge."

"I wish. . . ."

"What?"

"You still puzzle me, Philip. I wish you'd tell me something more about yourself first."

She lowered her hands, but the breeze was having none of that. It blew the new tidiness after the old so that her hair was magically doubled in quantity and made a shining cloud about her face, fluffing and ruffling in the dawn light.

"Tell me at least one thing," she said.

"What's that?"

"Why do you feel so strongly about this—about your brother's death?"

"That doesn't seem unnatural to me."

"No, not unnatural. Not if it was just grief. But is it just grief? There seems to be something else as well."

"You're perceptive."

"I don't know. . . . There's the opening—beyond this next rock."

I peered at the low, narrow hole we were coming up to. She said: "There's usually a boat outside to collect the fees, but we're ahead of them."

I felt a few spots of rain on my head. Then another scribble of lightning lit the sky, and the thunder grew heavier as it rolled downhill.

I said: "It may not be safe in the cave if the sea gets up."

Full day was coming now, but it was a coffee-coloured light dominated by the cloud. I could see her much more clearly, the colour of her eyes and skin.

She said: "Who wants to be safe?"

She'd never been like this before, quiet, but quietly reckless. It found an instant response in me. I shut off the little motor and unshipped the oars and paddled nearer. After a minute or so, I said: "Duck your head—in we go."

THE entrance is so small that you have to crouch in the boat and pull yourself in by a chain fixed to the roof. I did this, and the boat slipped quietly into the still water of the cavern.

I don't know if Sanbergh had been right in telling us that this was the best time to see the place, but he was certainly right in supposing that the effect would be greater before the exploiters were at hand. We drifted for some minutes in silence gradually towards the back of the cave. As we did so, the water got more blue and more blue, and the entrance dwindled to a thin funnel of grey light. When I dipped the oar in, it was as if the whole blade was lit with blue incandescence. When I stirred the water it was like tearing shot silk.

After what seemed a long time, I said: "Tiberius used this cave, didn't he, two thousand years ago? I've read so."

"There used to be a way up from inside the cave to his villa. He'd come down here and watch the swimmers and swim himself from a ledge somewhere over on the right. Then the cave was lost for eighteen hundred years."

"What became of the ledge?"

"It's still there. And some of the steps. But they don't go all the way. Why did you say that just now about my being perceptive?"

"It's true, noticing what you have noticed so quickly."

"It was only a feeling. . . ."

I SAID: "When I was seven, my father shot himself. He thought he was alone in the house, but I was in the garden and heard the shot and went up and found him. Grevil was seventeen at the time, and Arnold twenty-one. Four years after that my mother died and, from then on, Grevil did almost everything for me. I thought he was wonderful, aped him in all the ways I could, but unfortunately didn't have his brilliance. People used to say I was like him—not merely in looks but in impulses and tendencies. They said I was like my father, too. . . . So when they both die, apparently after the same fashion, that's both barrels at once, as you might say."

I dipped my oar in the water again and looked at it, glittering and luminous. She sat very still. I'd noticed, before, this quality of stillness in her, able to watch or listen or think in absolute silence.

Now that I'd stopped paddling, we seemed to be drifting slowly towards the entrance. I could see her face more clearly again. Her long eyes were narrowed, as if in a bright light rather than in the dark.

I said: "I don't believe for a moment that Grevil did kill himself, but if he did, then, on the evidence we've got at the moment, that was inexcusable. Wasn't it? In fact, if what you've told me so far is true, no motive that we know of existed at all."

"No motive that we know of."

"Anyway, that's my story, but don't let it depress you."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "I don't think I can be as frank as you."

"You can be. It's whether you want to be."

She shook her head. "You have a loyalty. Perhaps I have, too."

I waited, but she didn't speak for a minute or so. There seemed to be some peculiar sound from outside, so I paddled right up to the entrance.

The daylight was bright on our eyes. At first it looked as if the sea outside was alive with fish. Then I saw that the bubbles were caused by rain—a tremendous downpour hissing on the surface of the sea. There was another flicker of lightning and a muffled rumble of thunder. I turned the boat away again and moved off into the semi-dark.

The rain was like a thick, wet curtain that cut off the rest of the world.

I said: "We're here for some time."

"Yes. . . . Are you going to swim?"

I stared at her. "I didn't bring anything. It didn't occur to me. Did you?"

"Yes. But. . . ."

"Well, swim if you want. I'm in no hurry."

Her eyes were bright and restless. "If I tell you as much as I can, will you—as a favour—promise to leave Capri?"

"Will what you tell me explain what I want to know?"

"No. I don't know myself."

"Then the answer's what you must expect."

"You won't leave?"

"No, Leonie, you're wasting your breath in asking."

She sighed: "Yes—oh, yes, I suppose I am."

"I'm not at all sure I'd be willing to leave right away even if you were able to tell me all about Grevil."

"Why not?"

I watched her trailing her fingers in the water. "Go on, swim. I'm sorry I can't join you."

"It's putting off the evil moment."

"Ten minutes. You can't get away this time."

"I don't want to."

She hesitated a second or two longer. "Perhaps it'll help to clear my brain." She got out a white bathing-cap and pulled it on, tucking in bits of hair. She was already wearing her costume underneath the jersey and slacks she had come in.

I said: "I'll pull in to the side."

The boat wobbled as she stood up, then rocked violently as she dived. For a few seconds the splash and the settling water hid everything—then, as it cleared, I saw her swimming under water near the boat.

I suppose I should have expected it, but hadn't. Her whole body was lit by the pale blue incandescence. It was like some sort of a miracle in which fire and water met to make a new element. She swam easily, lazily, as if water came natural to her. Every movement of her long, finely rounded arms and legs, every balanced thickening of her beautiful body was outlined by this incandescence. But it was etherealized, intellectualized, above and beyond ordinary sexual attraction. She was more like something out of the brain of Praxiteles.

SHE came to the surface and swam away. The ripples of shot silk ran in lines towards the walls of the cavern. The water broke and glittered fiercely as she found some handhold on the rock.

"This is the ledge over here. I wonder where the steps are."

As she left the water, all the jewels fell from her and she disappeared from view. I paddled slowly nearer. "Can you see them?"

"There's an opening of some sort, but I can't see how far it goes."

I waited, but she said no more. I couldn't see anything of her at all. After a bit, I saw an iron hook in the rock and hitched the bow rope to it. Then I climbed on the ledge after her. It was much darker here because we were away from the reflection of the water. As I went in, she turned suddenly and almost bumped into me.

She said: "Heavens! I didn't hear you. I thought you were Tiberius."

"No. He's older and fatter."

She went back to the edge of the rock and looked down. I stood beside her. Then she looked up at me, taking rather deep breaths, the only incandescence now in her eyes.

I said: "There isn't anything I can say to you now that won't sound forced and phoney. And there isn't anything else that I want to say."

Her mouth curved in a quick smile. "I don't

think it was ever phoney, Philip. Forced perhaps. But what you say now doesn't—come from the same stable at all." She added: "All the same, I don't want you to say it."

She took a step forward, put her hands up and dived cleanly into the water—and instantly was changed again into that unhuman, elemental thing she had been before.

FOR some minutes, she played about in the blue water, turning over, twisting, changing her strokes. I climbed down from the ledge into the boat and paddled round. The sea was slapping up and down at the entrance to the cavern.

Presently she came to the side of the boat and began to pull herself in. I leaned to help her, grasping her elbow and hand, the boat tilting.

She got in, and again the change took place, only this time it was the other way round. She sat in the back of the boat, and I sat near and looked at her. She pulled off her cap and shook out her hair. She looked a creamy colour in the half dark.

After a minute, she said uncertainly: "Philip, let's go. The rain won't matter."

"No," I said, "the rain won't matter."

She never took her eyes off mine. "It's time we had . . . the Thermos is in the bag."

I put my hands on her shoulders. It was like grasping a warm fish. The droplets of cold salt water were still clinging to her skin. I bent over her and kissed her. She didn't make a fuss, but she didn't play back. My hands slid down under her arms, and I began to kiss her face and neck.

She tried to speak but did not. Then she suddenly kissed me back, but at the same time tried to free herself. She slipped in my hands as if still partly a fish.

"Philip, don't," she said. Her eyes were half shut.

I looked very closely at her face, so much closer than it had ever been before, watching the movement of brow and cheek and lip.

"In case of doubt," I said, "this is the other reason why I won't leave."

"If that was true. . . ."

"It's true."

But after a few seconds she began to struggle again, and when I looked into her eyes I saw they were brimming with tears.

"Oh, God," I said, "if Grevil didn't commit suicide because of you, I could." I let her go. "What is it, Leonie? Why are you like this? I can't keep pace with your moods or begin to guess what they mean. You say nothing, give nothing, take nothing. If I could have one minute's insight into what goes on inside. . . . If I had one single clue as to why none of the normal lines run straight. . . ."

She sat up, put a hand across her eyes. "I'm s-sorry. Blast. . . ."

"I'm sorry, too." I moved back to my seat by the oars.

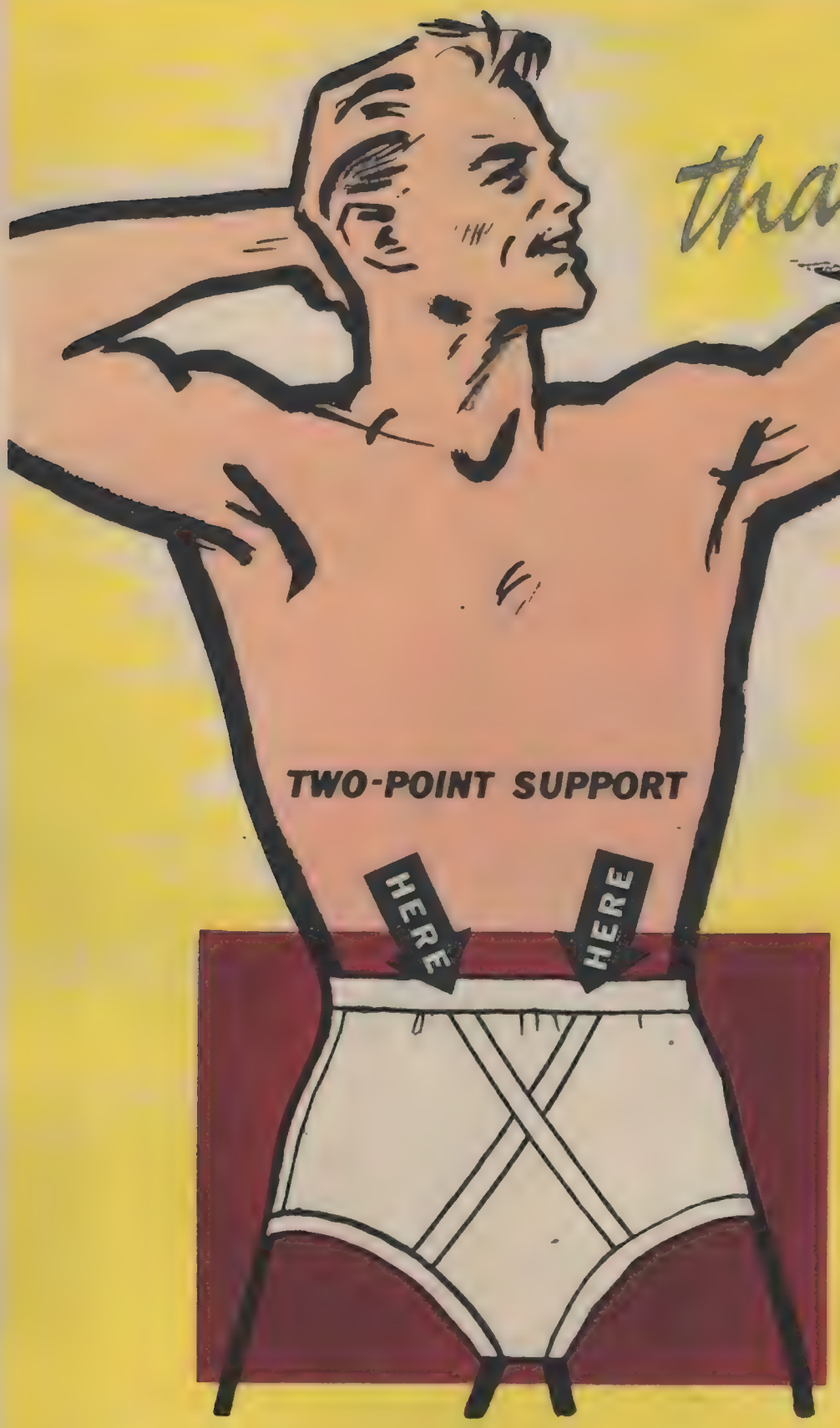
"Could you—throw me my things, please?"

I handed her her clothes and she began to struggle into her sweater.

"You can't sit in that wet suit," I said. "We

Continued on page 48

"What's the matter?" said Leonie, shaking out her hair. "You look pale." I said: "I've just been to sleep — and had a dream."



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Temple-Perkins (right) and his party with a kill. Elephants that leave the reserves are shot—otherwise they devastate the natives' crops "like locusts"

E. A. Temple-Perkins, Africa's famous hunter, begins his adventures in the

KINGDOM OF THE ELEPHANT

Forty strong, the elephant herd wheeled round. The cows started to scream, and the whole mass of fury closed in on me. If they charged in force, I was finished

THE NOTE WAS BROUGHT to me in a cleft stick by an almost naked runner. It was from the Enganzi, the Prime Minister of the Ankole Kingdom, and it said that four elephants were eating his crops at a place called Kifunfu. That was surprising, for Kifunfu is not elephant country. I was inclined to leave my boy Hamisi behind, but he insisted on coming, reminding me that he had stood by me in many an encounter.

Kifunfu is about seven miles from Mbarara, the capital of Ankole, in south-west Uganda. The locality derives its name from a smallish, isolated hill which stands out in otherwise flat cattle country on the north bank of the Ruizi river and just south of the road to Kichwamba.

The country to the north is almost treeless for a distance of twenty miles, and the river there is entirely devoid of tree cover for elephants. It is choked with papyrus grass and near the hill it appears to be merely a wide swamp with papyrus stretching three hundred yards across. There are numerous herds of elephant forty or fifty miles to the north-east, but it is very seldom that any stray as far south as Kifunfu.

On arrival at the hill I started to climb its eastern face to scan the river with my binoculars. The papyrus was so high that I might fail to see even an elephant if it were in the thick of it. Meanwhile, Hamisi went off to the other side of the hill. After a while, he came running to tell me that he had seen the elephants.

I went along to his observation post, and found that they were within reasonable distance and that the wind was favourable. They were only three hundred yards or so from the bananas and other crops that they had been raiding. I estimated that I could reach them in about fifteen minutes. That would give me time to deal with them before dusk.

They were within fifty yards of the river bank, all standing together in a clearing they had made in the papyrus. The bank at this

point was about thirty feet high, irregular and sloping, and I was able to get down it to within thirty yards of the nearest elephant. I fired for his brain, and he dropped dead immediately. The other three did not make off, as is usual, but stood their ground and looked at me threateningly. I thereupon fired at another, and he sank to the ground in a heap with his legs under him. The other two then disappeared into the wall of papyrus on the far side of the clearing.

I reloaded my double-barrelled rifle and called out to my gunbearer and Hamisi to stop on the bank and see whether the two went in the right direction—that is, back to their habitat in the north. Meanwhile I went down to see that the second brute was not, to quote Kipling, "shammin' when 'e's dead." I passed close to number one, and he was obviously lifeless. Then I found myself nearly up to my knees in mud and water. Number two was only a few yards farther on, and as I got to his tail and looked round his flank I saw an eyelid flicker. I thought I had to give the *coup de grâce*.

One Bullet—Two Attackers

I was taking aim when I was suddenly horrified to hear a deafening screaming on my left. I turned and saw the other two elephants charging me at full speed. They were only about thirty-five yards away.

Unable to extricate my legs from the mud, I pivoted round where I stood and took careful aim for the forehead of the one in front. He did not fall, but the shock staggered him for the moment; then on they came. I was now in the dangerous position of having only one round in my rifle and two elephants to deal with, so I had to resort to other means of self-defence.

Frantically, I got myself out of the mud on to a tuft of papyrus, and took a dive for the base of a small growth of papyrus between the elephants' line of approach and where I stood. I landed on my back behind the bunch of grass, with my rifle still in hand and ready for action.

Fortunately, my sudden disappearance baffled the beasts. They lost sight of me, and as the breeze was diagonally across their front, they also lost my scent. They came on screaming, right to the grass that hid me, and stood there with trunks in the air trying to pick up the scent. I could see the trunk of one from where I lay, only a few feet above my head, and a foreleg of the front brute was almost touching my left knee. I reckoned that if he took one step, I should have to fire to prevent him from treading on me. I lay there and waited, trying not to move a muscle lest the movement should betray me.

After what seemed an interminable time I heard the welcome report of a rifle and the thud of the bullet as it struck the beast towering above me. Hamisi, on the bank, had seen my plight.

The foot came out of the mud with a squelch, and the front elephant moved on. I thought the second was bound to tread on me, but he put his right foreleg in the very same hole that the other had vacated. Then they got into some deep water, the second one still following in the exact path of the first. I at once stood up and had no difficulty in dispatching the wounded one. The other disappeared in the papyrus, and afterwards I tracked him across the road and satisfied myself that he had gone for good.

They were a thoroughly nasty quartet, all bulls and all out for trouble. The irony of the whole affair was that I need not have gone down into the swamp at all, as the first and second elephants were dead from the time I fired. That, I think, was my narrowest escape.

Why take such risks? Why shoot elephants, anyway? In this case the answer is simple. They had been eating the Enganzi's crops and, if left unchecked, were likely to raid many more fields. A fully grown elephant is said to eat between seven and eight hundred pounds of green food a day, and those four bulls could have ruined dozens of native smallholders in a very short time. To the crop farmer, they were a menace as serious as a plague of locusts.

Insects that eat crops are exterminated and no one protests. Why should there be complaints about killing elephants that do the same thing? I cannot see any moral difference between killing a big pest and a little pest.

Elephants Learning Manners

"The man who shoots an elephant ought to be shot himself." That was said to me once by a New Zealand farmer. I asked him what he did about the rabbits on his farm, and he said he destroyed them because it was necessary. I invited him to contemplate the damage that a herd of elephants would inflict on his crops.

"In Uganda," I told him, "we have about twenty thousand elephants, and they do an immense amount of damage. Our object in destroying a proportion of them is to keep them within bounds and to teach them to stay in their reserves. Many hundreds have to be shot every year in the process, but the elephants are rapidly learning manners."

Most of the elephants, buffaloes, and lions that I have shot in the past thirty-five years were killed in the defence of life and property when I had few, if any, Game Department staff in my District and depredations were serious. I do not want to pretend that this made it a painful duty; on the contrary, mostly I enjoyed the hunting. Elephant hunting—and I am thinking of hunting rather than killing—is one of the most exhilarating sports in the world. Mostly, too, I enjoyed my twenty-seven years of work as a district and provincial commissioner in Uganda, and I do not think my enjoyment of hunting made the work any less useful than it would have been if I had hated it.

I collected trophies, too, during those years—and the result is probably the best collection in Uganda—but my aim in that respect was always quality and not quantity. I also shot for ivory, and I find no sin in that. Anyone who thinks it iniquitous to kill elephants for their ivory should abjure all animal products, from roast beef to fur coats. There is no need to be prudish about big game hunting if the killing is done cleanly and skilfully.

South-west Uganda—shown inset in relation to Africa—where New Zealand-born Temple-Perkins has been stalking big game for thirty-five years

An elephant family beside the Kazinga Channel in

I bagged my first elephant in the Teso district of Uganda, where I was posted shortly after the first World War. Teso comprised an area of about four thousand square miles, and the population then consisted of 350,000 Africans, a thousand Indians, and thirty Europeans. The Teso people are simple and likeable, with negroid features, and are of no particular anthropological interest.

The majority of the men went naked, and their womenfolk, after puberty, wore either a goatskin hung about their front or a piece of cloth like a diminutive V-shaped bathing slip. Both sexes cut their hair short.

Girls Wore Coins In Hair

The women affected a bobbed hair style, but with greasy ringlets in front in the form of a fringe, usually adorned with pieces of shell or beads or any more modern embellishments they could acquire, such as cartridge cases, coins, or bits of cigarette tins. They also wore armlets and anklets of stringed beads, and a girdle of plaited fibre or leather that hung down in front and which the married women reinforced with

Temple-Perkins's territory. He has seen a wounded elephant helped by its companions, and when he stalked a cow with her calf, the herd rallied to defend her

wire and made to point upwards at the back like a tail.

As I became more settled in my first administrative post, I had time to tour the country. I got to know the more remote parts of Teso and discovered a real oasis in my otherwise uninteresting and arid north-east corner. There was an isolated, triangular group of three large, steep-sided hills, one flat on top and inhabited by some game, and one with a fine, forested gorge between whose banks, during the rains, flowed a fairly large mountain stream. Game tracks went down to that precious water. It was wild and fascinating, untouched Africa, and I built a small hunting camp there.

When I reflect on my sublime ignorance in past days, I shudder to think what the consequences might have been. During one of my early hunts I came unexpectedly upon elephants. There were seventeen of them on what I thought was a small island in a large, shallow lake, and this was my first encounter with the mighty beasts. Armed only with a .275 rifle, and with a strong breeze blowing in the wrong direction, I set off in a dug-out canoe with my gun-bearer and four paddlers and made my way round to the leeward side of the island.

When close to the shore, I could see only the backs of the elephants in the long grass and scrub, and I had to manoeuvre for a favourable position; I found a broad, swampy path made by the animals on the side of the island nearest the mainland. In fact, it was not an island at all, as this path merely cut off the end of a peninsula. I took the canoe into the muddy channel, until it became stuck fast.

Balanced On Canoe To Fire

The elephants evidently heard or scented me, for they began to move off. As they came slushing through the long grass and mud about fifty yards away, I found to my disgust that I still could not see them properly. I took off my boots and balanced myself with a foot on each edge of the canoe. It was rather hair-raising, I remember, as I wondered what would happen if the whole lot of them decided to attack our party. I made up my mind that I would fire at the nearest and then submerge in the mud and hope for the best.

As they became fully visible, I hastily selected the best tusker, and then, still balancing on my unsteady perch, fired for the brain. The brute went down at once. Two others stopped and seemed to be trying to help him up, but he did not move. The rest stopped farther on and some of them trumpeted with blood-curdling viciousness.

Then I did a thing which I know now I would never do again in similar circumstances. As the sixteen elephants stood there enraged and defiant, I got out of the canoe, waded about in the knee-deep mud, in the uncertain breeze, until I found a minute piece of firm ground, only twenty yards from them. Then, with steady aim, I fired in the air just above their heads. It had the desired effect—they departed.

I had bagged my first elephant. Its ivory tusks weighed only forty pounds, but it was a most treasured trophy.

To me, the king of beasts is the elephant. Although I am always enthralled by the sight of a well-conditioned lion in his natural surroundings—and his mighty roaring at night is the grandest sound in Africa—I think it is the elephant in his gigantic majesty who is superior in most ways to all other beasts. He has the intellect, the presence, the stature and the general lordliness that, I think, give him the crown.

The elephant's eyes are set so far apart—about eighteen inches to two feet in a big bull—and at such an angle, that it is doubtful

Continued on page 53

The case of the sick señora

by GODFREY BARRASS

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Dr. Gretton was certain. Her illness could be only one thing. Swiftly, the news ran through the town

AS THE CARIB POST-BOY ran along Morella's grass-overgrown main street, his cry, *"Señor Carrera! Un telégrama por Señor Carrera!"* was taken up by the population generally.

Stretched in the shade of a ceiba tree, in his patched khaki-drill pants and dirty singlet, Felipe awakened reluctantly from a drowsy contemplation of the infinite and the blue of the Caribbean, framed between the ramshackle, wooden, two-storey Hotel de Valero and the dried-mud wall of the Customs House.

Why a telegram for Señor Carrera? Felipe pondered this problem. Telegrams had never come often to Morella. And during the recent revolution the telegraph line to San Munoz, seaport capital of Huesca, some two hundred miles distant round the coast, but less than sixty as the crow flies, was known to have been cut at several awkward places along the arid, rocky trail over the high coastal range behind the town. Evidently the line was working again. But why a telegram for Señor Carrera?

Felipe, who was supposed to be in some way related to this bland, bulky and, since the revolution, influential citizen, yawned, and getting slowly to his feet, followed the post-boy at an easier pace, while overhead in the orange and palm trees parrots screamed, and women with olive complexions leaned out of their windows and chanted as in a chorus: *"Un telégrama por Señor Carrera!"*

Felipe, who had approached the squat, red-tiled house with deference, his slender, dusky fingers clasping an ancient straw sombrero, found the great man on the portico, excitedly flourishing the telegram.

"It is permitted to share your good news, Señor Carrera?"

Señor Carrera's shrewd little eyes became mere slits.

"Why not, Felipe? This is no ordinary telegram. It is sent at the personal instruction of President Don Paulos de Vega himself . . . sent to me, a loyal supporter of the new administration, following certain representations which I thought fit to make as a patriot of Huesca and for the well-being of our thriving city. We must not be blind to the facts, Felipe. Morella has a great future, but for this we must prepare. Our beautiful city suffers, or has suffered, from one great want. Until today, Felipe, in fact until a very few minutes ago, Morella had no Department of Public Health. This truly lamentable state of affairs has now been remedied.

"Felipe, this telegram has appointed me, Don Manuel Fernando Ricardo de Mendialdua Carrera, Chief Officer for the Department of Public Health in the metropolis of Morella and surrounding Districts."

Felipe's white teeth flashed approval. "A thousand felicitations, Señor Carrera. Now the people of Morella will say, 'Not only is Señor Carrera rich, but being in the government he is powerful, as well as richer than before. Surely the pay of a chief officer of public health should not be anything less than five thousand pesos a month.'"

Señor Carrera sighed and stroked his many chins.

"Alas, Felipe, the telegram does not specify any emoluments. But," he added, brightening, "doubtless the matter is receiving the attention of the President personally. Meanwhile I must act, Felipe. At once. A staff must be recruited. Our city needs cleaning. Our streets must be swept. Certain places must be disinfected. There must be inspections. Improvements must be considered. And above all I must write reports. Yes, Felipe, reports. But first the recruitment of a suitable staff." He eyed Felipe appraisingly. "Perhaps . . . yes, maybe, I could offer *you* an appointment."

"An appointment, Señor Carrera!" Felipe, who had spent most of his twenty-odd years considering the possibility of work and wealth, with emphasis on wealth, momentarily saw himself immaculately dressed, installed in cool comfort giving orders; but the vision faded as Señor Carrera went on hurriedly, "Unfortunately, Felipe, the matter of your salary will have to remain temporarily in abeyance, while I raise with the proper authority the question of funds."

FELIPE said sadly, "Si, Señor Carrera, I understand." But he consoled himself with the thought that an official appointment would be sure to bring both prestige and opportunities to augment a precarious means of livelihood. Also, he, too, would need an assistant.

"Bueno," Señor Carrera said briskly. "You will need subordinate staff. That I leave to you. And there is the matter of such brushes and implements as your staff will require. That also I will leave to you. For the present I shall be busy establishing my office here." He eyed Felipe's singlet dubiously. "As an official of the government you will need a uniform, but that also I will leave to you."

"Si, señor."

"Bueno. Please report to me when all is in order. Adios."

During the next few weeks the citizens of Morella were proudly aware not only that the new government had created a health organization, but that in Morella it actually was functioning. A large notice-board outside Señor Carrera's house announced its official occupation. Further evidence was provided by the spectacle of a Carib boy pushing a rickety handcart that contained a broom, a shovel and a bucket, with Felipe marching proudly behind in an old khaki-drill tunic with tarnished brass buttons, and the uniform cap of a Cuban captain who had died peacefully half a century earlier.

Daily, before the sun was high enough to discourage such activity, Felipe and his assistant paraded along the main street, moving at an even slower pace among the overgrown side lanes, monotonously lined by squat adobe houses, and never going beyond the fringe of the town where streets trailed off into a jungle that obscured all but the palm-thatch of Carib huts and the rusted tin-can roofing of derelict cabins inhabited mostly by West Indian Negroes.

On this particular morning Felipe's progress down the main street was observed also by the

. The post-boy ran up the main street shou

, "A telegram for Señor Carrera." The parrots screamed, the dogs barked, and the women rushed to their windows. A telegram? What could this mean?

English Doctor Gretton, who was on the balcony of the Hotel de Valero, fortifying himself with brandy for the rigours of the day.

As self-appointed quarantine physician his duties were limited to examining the crew of the banana steamer Tampa, which called once a month, and those rare visitors who came by sea. Once a captain in the Royal Army Medical Corps, but cashiered for drunkenness and subsequently struck off the rolls of the British Medical Association, Dr. Gretton, small, bullet-headed and solidly fat, had developed a cinnamon complexion. His cheerful, breezy manner seldom left him so long as he did not allow himself to become more than slightly sober. As few in Morella could recollect any such occurrence he was generally popular.

SEEING Felipe passing below his balcony the doctor called down to him, "The swamp, Felipe! Do not forget the swamp. Remember what I told you."

He was answered by a flash of white teeth and a most unmilitary sweep of the uniform cap. "Bueno, Señor Gretton. Tomorrow! We start tomorrow."

"Hopeless fellows," the doctor muttered, and returned to his brandy.

A lone Englishman among a Spanish-speaking people, he had formed the habit of talking to himself, and he mumbled on about the swamp behind the town, a fine mosquito-breeding area that would dry up in two days if a trickle of mountain water were diverted by a few yards of simple earth embankment.

"Hopeless fellows," he repeated, draining his glass. "A good day's work for one man. Give me one British navvy . . . just one. Do the whole job in a couple of hours. But these fellows . . . hopeless. Quite hopeless. No drive. No energy. Cheerful rascals. Delightful manners. Must say I like 'em. And after all, why should they work? Why, when nature provides. . . ."

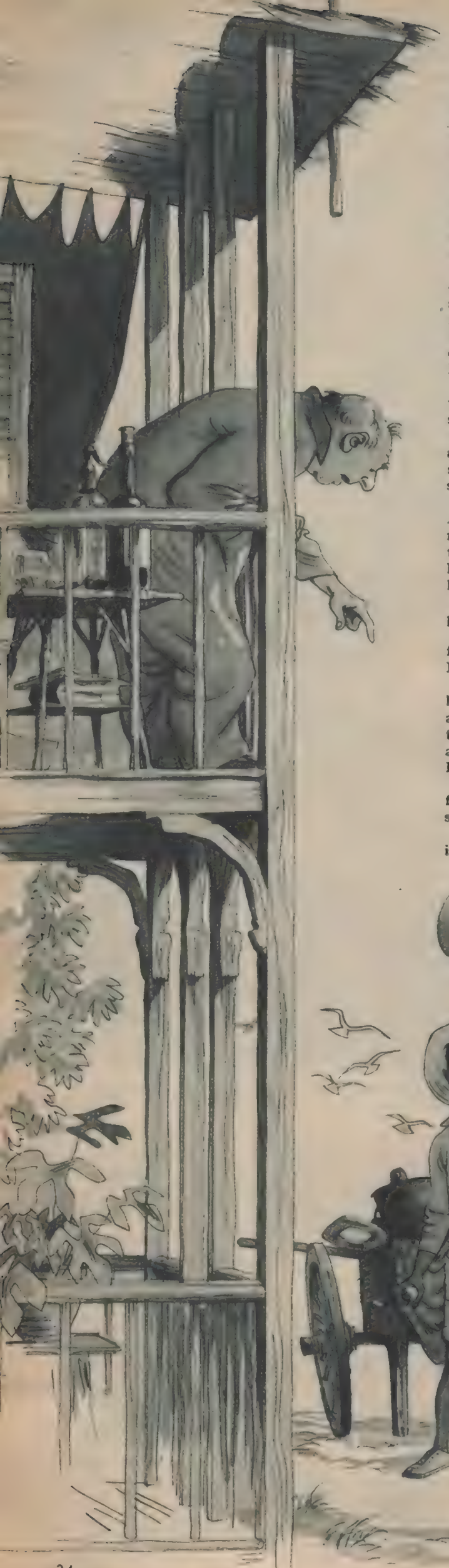
He poured himself another brandy with a hand that shook slightly.

"M'yes . . . nature and Señora Pizarro. A good woman. An excellent woman!"

The doctor drained his glass and meditatively rubbed the grey stubble on his chin. "To shave . . . or not to shave: that is the question." He hesitated, then swallowed the brandy and went into his disordered room where he began carefully to strop a cut-throat razor.

DOCTOR GRETTON'S business relations with Señora Pizarro, a plump, quiet woman, well over fifty, who owned the dreary hotel, had developed by mutual though unspoken agreement in the hazy past when the doctor's savings had run out. Thereafter Señora Pizarro collected from local patients all payments, whether in cash or kind, and in return provided the doctor with accommodation, food, tobacco and brandy. In view of the amount of brandy consumed this might seem a lopsided agreement, very much in the doctor's favour. Undoubtedly it was, but it was smuggled brandy and local tobacco, and while food cost little, it suited Señora Pizarro to have a permanent male resident whose social standing was assured.

Moreover, since the doctor was her own personal physician and also because her demise



would be greatly to his disadvantage, Señora Pizarro—who rarely gave the matter much thought—was able, when she did so, to argue shrewdly with herself that Doctor Gretton was a good insurance policy.

The news that all was not well with Señora Pizarro was brought to Doctor Gretton by the emaciated and ageless Rodrigo, who supervised such house cleaning as was attempted, cooked, and presided behind the bar of the *pulperia*, or downstairs drinking shop, in Señora's infrequent absences. Seeing Rodrigo wide-eyed and shaking in the doorway the doctor wiped shaving soap from his face and said briskly, "Ha, Rodrigo! You sick, eh?" He reached for some capsules that contained a white powder, but Rodrigo waved them away.

"Me O.K., señor. Señora—Señora ees sick—verree sick, señor. In bed. She no move, no spik. Señora verree sick, señor."

Doctor Gretton hastily pulled on a shirt and a pair of dirty white duck trousers, grabbed a small brown bag and flapped downstairs in his sandals, closely followed by Rodrigo.

He saw that Señora was indeed very sick. A still and silent bulge beneath a sheet that was none too white, she looked apathetically at him through half-closed eyes, and the doctor did not have to take her temperature to know that she had a high fever.

"Oh, señor," she murmured. "Verree moch pains. And weak, señor—verree weak."

"Now don't you worry," he admonished, feeling her pulse. "Lie still and don't worry. I'll soon have you right again."

He sent Rodrigo out of the room and examined her carefully. Then he went quickly upstairs and got out a well-thumbed volume, muttering to himself as he turned the pages. "Looks like an ordinary go of fever. But I'm not so sure. Ha! here it is."

He read rapidly: Symptoms develop two to five days after infection. Fever, prostration, swellings in the glands—groin and armpits.

"Hum, certainly looks like it. Be hell if it is, though. No serum here and not much hope of getting any quickly." He read on: Heart and kidneys . . . seat of fatty degeneration. Death may occur from heart failure. "Hum, it might at that. *Bacterium Pasteurella pestis*, eh?"

He shut the volume and stared unseeing at the whitewashed wall. The possibility of bubonic plague was not pleasant to contemplate. Still, as likely as not it was no more than a bad go of fever.

The doctor took some capsules downstairs and gave them to Rodrigo. "For Señora," he said, holding up two fingers. "Two every two hours. You understand?"

Rodrigo said sadly, "Si, señor," and disappeared into Señora's room.

The doctor hesitated. Suppose it *was* bubonic plague. Still considering this dire possibility, he wandered through the deserted *pulperia* and stood in the doorway.

Across the street, shaded by a bread-fruit tree, was a broad wooden platform under a palm-thatch roof where an assortment of local produce, such as meat, fish, crabs, eggs, fruit, cassava, tortillas and dulces, was on sale. The place appeared to be unusually crowded and the high pitch of excited voices reached him. He caught sight of Felipe, and saw that Felipe and his Carib assistant were the centre of attraction. The doctor crossed the street and joined the throng.

It was Felipe who was talking so excitedly. And the Carib boy behind him, instead of leaning on his shovel, appeared actually to be carrying something on it. Doctor Gretton, who could speak fluent Spanish when he wanted to, had not yet tuned in and so did not grasp the significance of what Felipe was saying. Then he saw that on the Carib boy's shovel was a rat, not a particularly robust specimen, but definitely a rat and a rat that was definitely dead.

The doctor glimpsed a vision of Señora Pizarro prostrate on her bed, and his pulse quickened. He spoke sharply to Felipe, and after a rapid exchange of machinegun-like utterances someone produced an empty pickle jar in which the dead rat was deposited. After the jar had been carefully corked, Felipe's assistant (with Felipe following) was dispatched with all haste to the house of Señor Carrera. Doctor Gretton himself delayed only to complete his interrupted dressing.

Since news was about all that did travel fast in Morella, the doctor was not surprised to find a small crowd of loafers chewing sugar cane in the shade of the lime trees outside what was now the office of the Department of Health. Inside he found Señor Carrera, prosperously attired in a cream coloured suit and a purple tie with yellow spots, comfortably seated at a large paper-strewn table. Before him stood Felipe and the Carib boy, the latter awkwardly clasping the pickle jar with both hands.

Señor Carrera rose, bowed and, with a genial wave of his cigar, greeted the doctor in English. "I am moch perplexed, señor. Tell me please. Why have you sent me a dead rat?"

The doctor thought quickly. It was unlikely that they would have any serum in Huesca, but they might radio a message to New Orleans. Once, during the revolution, an inquisitive U.S. seaplane had visited Morella.

He said briskly, "Señor Carrera, do you wish to see the black death in this town?"

"The black death, señor!" The Chief of the Department of Public Health had turned a sallow green. "In this town, señor? But certainly not!"

"Do you wish to see the streets of Morella piled with corpses?"

"Corpses, señor! Here in our beautiful streets? *Nombre de Dios!* But *most* certainly not!"

"Then, señor, you must act—at once. Not tomorrow, but now. We need serum to combat

Continued on page 44

The doctor leaned forward. "Don't forget the swamp," he said. Felipe smiled. "We start work — tomorrow!"

At Rutlish School, Merton, Joan Clark meets *Top Of The Form* contestants. In one broadcast, a boy kept calm between questions by reading a comic

Joan Clark scours Britain for brains

by JOHN HARMAN

A talent-spotting flair makes her radio's Quiz Queen producer. Wrong answers are her greatest hazard — with nineteen million listeners to put them right

WHEN B.B.C. PRODUCER Joan Clark was about to record a West Country edition of her quiz programme *What Do You Know?* one day last November, her chief contestant, A. G. Street, sent a message that he had lost his voice and would not be coming to London.

Joan tried hard to think of a substitute—it had to be a well-known personality from Dorset or Wiltshire—and decided on Ralph Wightman. But when she telephoned Wightman's home, his secretary said that he was still travelling back from an engagement in the North. Joan Clark asked for the times of his trains. She found that he was passing through London, and was due to catch another train leaving Waterloo station in a few minutes.

Immediately, she rang the stationmaster at Waterloo. An appeal was broadcast over the platform loudspeakers, and Wightman heard it just as he was settling in his compartment.

"He telephoned me a few moments later, anxious to learn what had happened," says Miss Clark. "When I explained that I was in a fix, he hurried back to his train, unloaded his luggage and took a taxi to the studio."

Joan Clark, who then went ahead with her show, regards the incident as typical of the hazards involved in finding lively personalities for her programmes. A determined and personable five foot three, with brown eyes, and a warm smile which softens her air of authority, she has persuaded stage, radio, TV and film stars, doctors, scientists, lawyers and, once, an air chief marshal, to take part in quizzes and spelling bees.

The success of her efforts is reflected in her nickname, the Quiz Queen—"I don't like it, but accept it as inevitable"—and in the listening figures for her shows. Recently, when *What Do You Know?* and her schoolroom quiz, *Top Of The Form*, were running together, they drew a total audience of about nineteen million and

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Joan Clark checks facts for *What Do You Know?* with her husband, John Wynn, at their flat. When they married, she says: "He made me promise never to discuss brain-teasers before breakfast"

ranked as two of the biggest attractions on the Light Programme.

She attributes much of this to the strange and interesting facts which have been uncovered.

Her author husband John P. Wynn, who does the research for *What Do You Know?*, and who reads dictionaries, encyclopaedias and atlases in his quest for the unusual, spends up to four weeks on a half-hour script.

His chief difficulty is checking information. Scotland Yard, for example, normally welcome inquiries, but they hedged with embarrassment before confirming that their telegraphic address was "Handcuffs." On another occasion, he upset Treasury officials by suggesting that there were places in the world where both pounds and dollars were legal tender.

"Eventually, I had to go to the American Embassy, and they cabled Washington," he says. "After two days they verified that such places existed—the Enderbury and Canton Islands in the Pacific."

Despite Wynn's checking, and rechecks by B.B.C. librarians, mistakes have occurred, and listeners have pounced on them eagerly. A reference to isinglass as "the stuff for preserving eggs" made scores of chemists point out that *water*-glass was used for this. And when the Lord Mayors of London, Manchester, Durham and Liverpool were said to be entitled to the prefix The Right Honourable, Miss Clark got protests that Durham should not have been on the list.

"One man," she says, "sent a newspaper cutting which dealt with mayors' privileges. It was dated 1921."

Other correspondents have assumed her to be a fund of ready information. They have asked her for details of how flies land upside down on ceilings, and why, if a piece of paper could be folded forty-four times, its thickness would reach the moon.

At least a dozen listeners a month have sought to join the three-member panels of *What Do You Know?* Joan has spent most of her week-ends touring the country to visit them in their homes and test their knowledge with sample questions. Those who have done well are representing their districts in the current forty-round series, which is due to culminate in June with finalists competing for the title of "The Brain of Britain."

She has organized similar knock-out contests for *Top Of The Form*, which ended one series recently and begins another in the autumn. Opposing schools, linked by microphone and loudspeaker so that they can hear each other, have been championed by teams of four boys or girls, aged between twelve and seventeen.

The programmes have been recorded in halls and gymnasiums, with the classmates of the competitors as audiences, and the excitement at winning points, or the despair at losing them, has been intense.

"Children have jigged up and down, shouted, cheered and wrung their hands," says Robert MacDermot, one of the question-masters. "A girl contestant was so overcome that she fainted, and had to be revived with smelling salts. A small boy stayed remarkably calm, though. I caught him reading a comic under the table between the questions."

Since 1950, when Joan Clark widened the scope of the show to bring in foreign schools, she has visited almost every country in Europe. The Scandinavians, especially, have been surprised at her smart clothes, lacquered nails and high heels. "They expected a quiz producer to be rather a blue-stocking."

Bars Teachers From Talks

She has insisted that headmasters and headmistresses should sit at the back of the audience, in order not to put off their teams. For the same reason, she has barred teachers from the interviews held before each recording.

She encouraged the contestants, some of whom had already won quizzes within their schools, to talk freely about themselves and their hobbies. This information guided Tom Williams, an ex-schoolmaster, in selecting the questions.

"When a fourteen-year-old girl was asked about telling the age of a horse from the rings in its teeth, I was accused of being unfair," says Williams. "But I knew that she was a vet's daughter, and spent hours in her father's stables."

So far, seven thousand questions on subjects ranging from natural history to space travel have been asked in *Top Of The Form*.

Miss Clark, who was born forty years ago at Chingford, Essex, started her B.B.C. career as a secretary. In 1941, she became one of the youngest Variety producers. The job was only temporary and, before achieving permanent status, she worked as an interviewer on *In Town Tonight*, and as a producer for *Radio Newsreel*.

Georges Guétary, the French singer, is the only star she has met who disliked the idea of taking orders from a woman. "I asked him to call at my office, and he made all kinds of fantastic excuses for not coming," she says. "When I persisted, he offered to see me at a place of his own choosing, but I refused. In the end, he had to give in."

One of her first quizzes was between citizens of Portsmouth and a team in H.M.S. Vanguard, which was sailing home after the Royal Tour of South Africa. *Top Of The Form* began shortly afterwards, with teams of boys from London grammar schools. Five years later, she was introduced to Wynn, who suggested the script of *What Do You Know?*

They married in 1953 and have a London flat. "My husband made me promise not to discuss brain-teasers and weird facts before breakfast."

Girl's Answer Caught Her

Joan expects to cover six thousand miles during a *Top Of The Form* series. Schools prefer her to visit them in the Christmas term, when the exams are less worrying, but as the term is a short one she has to record four months' supply of programmes in a matter of weeks.

At the start of each contest, she rehearses the teams with dummy rounds of easy questions, which allow the engineers to make final adjustments, and give the children confidence.

She examines scripts for possible ambiguities —but was unprepared for an answer which came from a twelve-year-old girl.

The round dealt with the American meanings of English words. "The girl was asked to describe the difference between American and British men's suspenders," says Miss Clark. "She blushed, paused, and said demurely: 'I haven't had much experience. . . .'" THE END

Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'

"Stately Edinburgh throned on crags" (Wordsworth): *from a painting by Henry Seabright.*

They're canny in Auld Reekie

SCOTLAND's fair capital, home of its ancient kings and queens, has a long, turbulent and romantic history.

Among its many famous buildings stand pre-eminently its Castle where England's first royal James was born – Holyrood where his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, spent part of her tragic life – and St. Giles Cathedral where the Reformer John Knox preached.

Its world-famous University has done more than any other to brass-plate G.P.s' doors throughout the kingdom. One of Edinburgh's renowned sons was R. L. Stevenson, author of 'Treasure Island'.

Edinburgh people are shrewd and thrifty, but generous-hearted. Their keen judgment of quality and value is proved by the busyness of the little red Brooke Bond vans making their way through beautiful Princes Street, the Royal Mile, and less famous thoroughfares, to call on grocer after grocer in this great city.

* * *

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens – more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world – with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories in the United Kingdom. Each serves its own part of the country, and the little red vans, always a familiar sight, become more and more in evidence every week delivering fresh tea to over 150,000 shops.

Over 50 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day

Brooke Bond

good tea - and FRESH!

We ***specially*** recommend

There's nothing like a long,

THE CAPTAIN LEAVES HIS SHIP

Continued from page 15

directed to the boardroom. A number of people were already waiting, and among them was Director Plinius. He introduced me to Zebrowski, an official from Warsaw in the Office of Foreign Affairs, then to several others. I had met Petrusewicz, the Vice-Minister of Shipping, and had known him to be an ardent and even fanatic Communist ever since I had first brought the Batory to Gdynia. There were two other people in the room also—a man and a woman who kept their distance and were not introduced.

"I Felt Like An Insect"

Zebrowski, clearly the most important person present, beckoned me to a chair at the middle of one side of the large boardroom table. He sat directly opposite, and the others seated themselves to right and left. The man and the woman to whom I had not been introduced occupied chairs at some distance from the table, one in one corner of the room and one in another, and the woman placed what seemed to be a notepad on her knee. They both riveted their attention so intently on me that I began to feel a little like an insect that has been pinned beneath the object glass of a microscope.

Clearly, these grimly silent observers were from the U.B. The man wore civilian clothes and was somewhat fat. He hardly ever moved during the course of the meeting and I felt his little eyes on me during every moment. The woman seemed an ageless sort of person who might have been anywhere from twenty-five to forty-five. Her costume was dark, so was her hair. Her eyebrows were dark and bushy and her nose long and sharp.

Zebrowski began to question me about Eisler. "Who told you to make a report saying he was aboard?"

"It is the regular procedure, as laid down in my instructions," I explained.

I produced a copy of the company's instructions, pointed out the section entitled, "Procedure with stowaways." Several of those at the table read it.

On Go The Questions

The questioning continued. "As Eisler was a passenger, why did you surrender him?"

"Nobody surrendered him," I replied. "He was taken from the ship."

"Did you make any protest?"

"I pointed out to the British and the Americans that, in port, all matters of this kind are the concern of the Polish consul and the officials of the line."

This seemed unanswerable to me, but I saw instantly that it was thoroughly unsatisfactory, at least to some of my inquisitors. Plinius never looked at me, but kept clearing his throat and staring out of the window. It was a relief when they had sandwiches, beer and lemonade brought in. They rose and moved about the room as the refreshments were served, and someone even offered me some. I had no appetite. All I took was a drink of water to clear my throat. I noticed that the U.B. woman was still staring at me, pencil in hand. Then Zebrowski began questioning again.

"Who gave Scotland Yard permission to come aboard?"

"The police in any harbour need no permission to board any ship," I replied.

"When did you discover who Eisler was?"

"I was told about him by a passenger, an American journalist named Jaffe."

"Who is this man Jaffe? Had you ever met him before?"

"I had never heard of him before he came aboard the Batory."

How long they questioned me I do not know, but I remember that I began to perspire uncomfortably as the strength of their suspicions came home to me. It was easy to see that several of those present believed that I had conspired to have Eisler arrested. After a time the questions began to turn on merely routine matters, and finally they stopped altogether. Then I was told that I should report again the following day.

On that occasion I was seen by Petrusewicz, the Vice-Minister of Shipping.

"Captain," he began, "you acted according to the rules, but you showed no real appreciation of the situation. You showed no patriotism. You showed no sympathy for Eisler. And you showed absolutely no understanding of the state of affairs as they exist between us and the West. We are very disappointed in you."

I made no reply. I was in no position to argue.

"You are taking your ship back to America soon, and there will surely be trouble for you there. The Americans will be tough. But we have instructed our embassy to give you every support. That will be all. Goodbye."

To my surprise, he held out his hand, and I took it—without a word, I believe.

Finding A Scapegoat

I knew now, of course, what they would have had me do. Because Eisler was a Communist they would have had me break even the rules under which I had been ordered to operate. Why should there have been any report about him at all? Then no one would have known he was aboard, except Jaffe, and I would have kept Jaffe from sending out his interview.

They merely reprimanded me. But, because they had to have a scapegoat, they dismissed Borowicz, the chief purser, who had been so foolish as to report a stowaway, so foolish as to follow wirelessed instructions he received from our New York office, and even more foolish in having me for a captain.

The day after, we sailed again for New York, where I expected an unpleasant reception. I was sure of it when, before we reached Southampton, we learned that the British hearings had been completed and Eisler had been released.

The people of America had really been angered by Eisler's escape, and a good many of them felt that we aboard the Batory—and even I, personally—had helped to plot the whole affair. This was the opposite, of course, of what I had had to face in Gdynia. But now that Eisler had been released and had made his way to the Soviet Zone of Germany, the Batory and I were more than ever in the black books of the Americans.

When we reached Quarantine at New York, a small army came trooping aboard. There were about fifty of them, and instead of permitting us to continue on to our pier, they told us to anchor and kept us there over an hour, during which I was questioned. The ship was finally permitted to proceed, but even at the pier we were held up further. The immigration inspectors and the F.B.I. questioned every passenger and member of the crew.

Banned From Shore

Fewer than half our passengers were released in the first four hours after we reached our pier, and 111 of them were taken to Ellis Island for further investigation, though all were ultimately cleared. None of the crew was given permission to go ashore, and city police were called to guard the pier to see that they did not.

We arrived on Saturday, and were due to sail again at noon on Monday. We somehow completed our preparations, and got away from our pier with 834 passengers aboard only thirty-five minutes late. Before sailing I issued a statement, and gave a press conference, thanking the American people and press for their fair and temperate attitude in connection with "an incident in which we played an entirely accidental part."

Details of our visit to New York had all been cabled home ahead of us. We

had apparently carried ourselves in what our Communist masters felt to be a sufficiently patriotic manner. Shortly after our return to Gdynia, Rapacki, the Minister of Shipping, came aboard and presented three hundred of us with Crosses of Merit. Why the other sixty-five members of the crew were overlooked I do not know.

No mention was made of Eisler or our experiences in New York. My Cross of Merit, unlike the others that were awarded, was made of gold! Such is life in a Communist-dominated State.

But the medals did not mean that we were once more to be trusted by Poland's new regime. A new campaign was set in motion to communize the Batory.

Before the year was out, several men who had been ordered aboard were very much more powerful than I was.

I was still the captain. As the ship continued to cross and recross the Atlantic I was the one responsible for her operation. But I was no more the commander of the Batory than a chauffeur is in command of an automobile when the man who employs him is present.

Before long two new "officers" were sent aboard. One was Peter Szemiel, a captain in the U.B. who became the "cultural officer" of the Batory. The other, also from the U.B., was named Kaminski, and he came as ship's "press officer."

Under these men the ship really began to be organized. Several times a week the party members were assembled for indoctrination courses, lectures and discussion periods.

Szemiel and Kaminski were the principal lecturers, and Szemiel appeared to be the most important. Anyone he cared to report was sure to be arrested or discharged in Gdynia. The speeches at these meetings were always full of Communist propaganda and contrasts with such "backward" states as Great Britain and America.

From time to time someone would leap to his feet and shout, "Long live Stalin!" or would name some other Communist leader. The whole gathering was then expected to cheer. Few cared to appear unsympathetic.

Now and then our ship was used for propaganda purposes. In November, 1950, for example, I was ordered, while returning from New York, to hurry to Southampton at full speed in order to pick up several hundred Communists and Communist sympathizers who had attempted to hold a "peace congress" in Sheffield. Something happened to interfere with their plans and they decided to hold their meeting in Poland, where I was supposed to take them.

In the end, they went to Poland by some other way, but they returned in the Batory. The U.B. examined their credentials so meticulously at sailing time that we were delayed by twelve hours.

When they went ashore at Southampton, they left us with a problem of some delicacy. Their Polish hosts, sympathizing deeply with them because of the hardships British "austerity" had imposed, gave each of them a parcel of Polish food. Along with the food parcels were included quantities of propaganda leaflets.

Mystery Man Aboard

When we reached Southampton, I do not recall that any of the food parcels were forgotten and left in staterooms or elsewhere. But countless pamphlets were. The stewards could not merely sweep them up as litter. We collected them very carefully, and disposed of them with respect.

In New York the Batory came to be suspected more and more. She was the only passenger ship in service between the Iron Curtain countries and the West, the Eisler incident was constantly held against her, and several other incidents added to suspicion.

On August 8, 1950, while the Batory was eastbound about seventy-five miles from New York, a small plane, lost and short of fuel, alighted on the water beside the ship. Both pilot and plane were taken aboard, and the rescued man gave his name as Guliano San Sebastian and said he was a citizen of Mexico. Later that evening word was brought to me that he wanted to see me, and he astonished me by handing over a loaded revolver and an American passport which showed him to be an American citizen, William Jesse Newton.

What strange business this might

Photograph on an Ilford film

Hovis

is the slice of life

It does your heart good, doesn't it, to see them so well and happy. But of course it doesn't just happen that way. Where there's a high-spirited healthy family it's more than likely there's Hovis on the table—and not just sometimes, but regularly.

It's the wheatgerm* in Hovis that gives it that extra goodness and flavour. But if you're more concerned with what your family gets out of food than with what goes into it, then the energy and well-being that they'll get from eating Hovis regularly is all the proof you'll need that Hovis really is the slice of life.

***Wheatgerm is simply the heart of the wheat—the part from which, when the grain is sown, the new plant grows. Small though it is, the wheatgerm is not only the life of the wheat—it contains an extraordinarily high proportion of wheat's natural flavour and goodness. And Hovis contains 8 or 9 times extra wheatgerm—that's why it's so good—why it tastes so good.**

Have some Hovis every day

"I'm afraid you rather misunderstood me—I said Southsea"

turn out to be I did not know, so I kept the man under surveillance and sent off a message to our New York office. In fact there was nothing suspicious about the young pilot—he was merely of an adventurous turn of mind, and was dangerous to nobody except possibly himself. Our New York office instructed us to put both plane and pilot ashore at Southampton, which we very gladly did.

This incident was a small one. Stories that appeared about it in the press, however, put all sorts of interpretations on it. And when later Valentin Gubitchev, the Soviet spy who was connected with the Judith Coplon case, left for home aboard the Batory, we were more than ever held to be "the Communist liner."

New York Bans Us

When the lease of the pier at New York which we had hired from the French Line expired, the head of New York City's Department of Marine and Aviation declared the Batory an "undesirable tenant" for any municipally-owned piers. We found it impossible to lease a pier we might use in Hoboken, Jersey City or Brooklyn. Tighter regulations of almost every kind were imposed on us. Our passenger lists were always growing smaller.

When we left Gdynia for New York in March, 1951, we were making our last trans-Atlantic run. After that, the service to New York was cancelled. I attended a number of meetings to decide what new service the Batory should enter. There was some demand for an additional passenger ship running to India and Pakistan. No dollars would be earned, but British pounds also have their uses. And in sailing to India the Batory could play an important part in furthering Communist propaganda. We went to Danzig and then Newcastle, to be refitted.

It was perfectly clear that I was left in command of the Batory merely for practical reasons. She was a very valuable property and even the Communists understood that the person primarily responsible for her safety had to be experienced in such matters.

But the real rulers of the ship were Szemiel and Kaminski. Peter Szemiel, a blond, thirty-one year old U.B. captain, now "assistant captain" of the Batory, knew nothing whatever about seamanship or navigation. His secondary title of "cultural officer" was peculiarly inappropriate, for he was not a cultured person. He was suspicious of everyone, and the crew were almost pitifully obsequious in his presence.

But I am convinced that Kaminski, a fat and very untidy young man who smoked too much and drank heavily, was the more important of the two. He was the head of the extensive network of agents and observers which was spread everywhere throughout the ship. Little by little we learned to detect signs, and to recognize many, though probably not all, of these agents. For one thing, they were for ever listening. Kaminski even had agents among my officers.

In this way Kaminski dominated the ship. But his was not the only network. The party secretary had one too. So had the trade union chief. I often asked myself why I did not do something about it. But I had a wife, a daughter and a son, all of whom were hostages in Poland for my good behaviour.

Szemiel, who watched me especially, was not very subtle about it. He selected Cabin 13, from which it was easy to see everyone who entered or left my quarters. But he was not content with that. He put a wireless operator in the cabin next to mine to set up a microphone behind the mahogany panelling of my cabin, connected with a recording device. I soon came to suspect the microphone was there. It was about this time, too, that my mail was being tampered with, and my quarters searched in my absence.

In Newcastle, as we prepared for the India run, a special problem faced Kaminski and Szemiel. Not all the crew were Communists and some, under the impact of British freedom, would surely make an effort to escape. There is a Polish club in Newcastle, and eight men who risked desertion went there to ask for help. They were assisted in their efforts to hide.

One of the ship's Communist agitators, a large, deep-chested black-haired fellow who was something of a boxer, was sent with several helpers to bring the deserters back. These men went to the Polish club and explained that they, too, wanted to desert, and especially wished to join the eight men who had already done so. But when the club member to whom they talked went to the hidden eight, they cried, "No, no. Don't bring them here. They are Communists." These men were ultimately spirited away and granted political asylum by the British.

Watch For Deserters

In August, 1951, we began our new services to India. The voyages were immensely longer, and we could make only four round trips each year. Kaminski and Szemiel for ever maintained a sharp lookout to keep anyone from deserting. This was no great problem in Karachi or Bombay, where our men could not speak the language, and did not know what the local police might do. Men who wished to escape preferred to make the attempt in Gibraltar or at Southampton.

We had three men aboard who were friends — Szewczyk, Drygalak and Pinkawa, a deck-hand and two stewards. On one call at Southampton the chief officer reported that Szewczyk had failed to report for duty. Szemiel stopped all shore leave for the rest of the crew.

That evening we heard a cry of

We all like St. Ivel

As a matter of fact we more than *LIKE* St. Ivel we love it—baby as well—and so far as I am concerned anything *ALL* the family like is top priority with me.
Another thing is that I look forward to my break during the morning with St. Ivel and a biscuit, I feel it does me good.

I like St. Ivel because I *do* like a good cheese. It's always the same, it never varies, and you really feel that you've had a decent piece of cheese.

I like St. Ivel on biscuits, on bread, in sandwiches, anyhow—it's so lovely and creamy and the taste—Oh boy!

Baby knows what tastes nice too!

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St. Ivel REG'D
·LACTIC· CHEESE

Bite the sparkle of a rippling stream!

Gay as the darts of sun on water, sweet as the song of a tinkling stream, merry as dancing, tumbling ripples—that's CRUNCHIE! Revel in its smooth milk chocolate, munch its crispy golden centre—CRUNCHIE munching is really something!

ONLY 4D

CRUNCHIE

makes exciting biting!

Jim has been working at the steel-rolling mill for twenty-seven years now. Everyone there knows him. He's on the Supervisors' Committee and one of the oldest members of the Executive Sports Committee. "Never used to be a stout-drinker," he says, "but Mackeson suits me fine. A good strong drink for a man, but soft on the palate as well."

WHAT DOES JIM KNOW ABOUT BEER, LIGHT ALE, BROWN ALE, OR STOUT?

"JIM'S a great character in these parts," says the landlord of the King's Head. "He's got a way with him that makes people listen."

Jim usually has the last word. He's not afraid to change his mind. It's some months now since he took to Mackeson.

Why? Because, although he didn't care much for stout, when he tried a Mackeson he found it strong, but not so bitter as other stouts.

You'd be surprised how many have come round to Mackeson for the same reason, once they've seen Jim enjoying it. Beer drinkers, brown ale drinkers — all sorts!

Mackeson is certainly a man's drink — strong, but smooth; a drink to brighten one up, but soft to the palate; **the very thing to give one a brand-new lease of life at the end of a tiring day.** More and more people — women as well as men — are calling for it every day, right throughout the country.

Try it — and taste the difference.

Mackeson is a strong stout. And yet Mackeson has a unique *smoothness*. This is because of the special brewing method employed. All who try Mackeson know it. Millions have come to prize it. And every drop of Mackeson has been bottled by the brewers to ensure that this wonderful quality comes to your palate in perfect condition, wherever, whenever you drink it!

MACKESON

Try it—and taste the difference

"Help me!" from the quay, close to the ship. I hurried on to deck and saw Kaminski and two men holding Drygalak, who had climbed through a porthole and jumped ashore, but had been too slow.

He was confined in the ship's prison. Szemiel sent a coded message to the U.B. in Gdynia, and I received wireless orders to transfer Drygalak to another Polish ship, the Piast, which I was to meet forty miles west of Gibraltar.

The weather was bad, with a drizzle and a heavy swell. We found the Piast, but her captain refused to send a boat to us. So I lowered one of our motor boats. Then I had a little revenge. I told Szemiel that he was responsible for delivery of the prisoner to the Piast and ordered him to go along. To my surprise he offered no objection. It was dark, drizzly and very unpleasant out there among the heavy swells, and Szemiel was no sailor. I do not think he enjoyed the trip.

At Gibraltar the third friend, Pinkawa, climbed through a porthole, jumped into the water, swam for it, and got away. He and Szewczyk got to London, where I met them later, free, happy and employed. Drygalak was sentenced to fifteen years' hard labour, later changed to eight years in the coal mines.

Doped By The Doctor

It is easy for people to pick up all sorts of diseases in the tropics. Once, just after the Batory had left Karachi, I became sick. I called the Batory's physician, who gave me an injection and some pills. Next day I found it impossible to go on the bridge. I remained in bed for the next three days.

About midnight on the third night, while I was most uncomfortable and half asleep in bed, my attention was attracted by a moving shadow. I saw a man appear very stealthily in the open door of my cabin. He stopped near my bed and bent towards me. "Captain, listen," he whispered. "Don't take any more pills. They are trying to poison you."

Next morning I sent for an Indian physician among the passengers, on his way to London. He examined me, gave me aureomycin and some sulphanilamide tablets, and within two or three days I was feeling as well as ever.

On a later voyage the ship's doctor was replaced by Dr. Wladislaw Tacleiter, who later admitted to me that he had been called to the U.B. before coming to the Batory, and instructed to accept any orders Kaminski and Szemiel might give him to dope any member of the crew and keep him in the crew's hospital until the ship arrived in Gdynia.

Dr. Tacleiter assured me he never did such a thing, but added he had been told that the previous doctor had done so on a number of occasions. Looking back on this period, I later realized that he had been a very troubled man who spent much time drinking alone in his stateroom.

Warning Of Arrest

When the spring of 1953 arrived I had been in command of the Batory for seven years, and she had been in almost continuous service for six since her overhaul in Antwerp. The time had come for another overhaul. We left all but eighty members of our crew in Gdynia and took the ship once more to Palmer's Shipyard at Hebburn-on-Tyne. We would be there for six weeks or so.

One day, shortly before the overhaul was complete, I received a startling warning from one of my friends in the crew. He spoke to me under the clatter of some riveting that was going on nearby.

"Captain," he said, pretending to be busy with some work near the deck rail, "this is your last trip."

I looked about and saw that no one was observing me. "Nonsense," I replied. "What have I done?"

"You will be arrested when we get back to Gdynia."

I leaned against the rail as if I were

watching some work going on in the yards.

"What for?" I asked.

"Espionage for Britain and the United States."

In the days that followed I was in a fog of doubt and uncertainty. In my more confident moments I felt that I could safely return. At other times I wondered how I might escape and ask for political asylum in Great Britain. If I were to be arrested for "espionage," of course, the least I could hope for was long imprisonment, and a sentence of death seemed more likely. In any case I would lose my wife, my son, my daughter.

A day or two later I met the same member of the crew astern of the second funnel on the boat deck. No one was about and it was unlikely that anyone could see us.

He said, "There is a special U.B. investigator aboard. His job is to make a final report of your activities —to bring the case against you up to date. For one thing, you have gone to Newcastle several times in a car with an English friend of yours."

"You'll Be Tortured"

I attempted to argue, but my informant interrupted me. "Captain," he said abruptly, as he pulled something from his pocket, "do you remember this? It is a button you lost in a cab in Gdynia. Do you think you haven't been watched? Believe me when I tell you you'll be arrested. You'll be tortured too. You'll be forced to say what they want you to say. You'll accuse everybody they want you to accuse. Then you'll be condemned—and executed—and your family and friends and everybody else will be told you have been a traitor, an enemy of the People's Republic."

For the first time, I believe, I was really frightened. Somehow, that button was strangely convincing. The Batory was in dry dock, but she was to be taken out next day and our plans called for her to remain for only one more full day at Palmer's Shipyard. The day after that we were to sail for Gdynia. I did not sleep that night. I had made my decision. It was then—on the morning of June 19, 1953, that I crept surreptitiously through the ship and reached the quay.

Once on the quay, my problem was to leave the shipyard without being seen by Szemiel, Kaminski and the purser, who had gone ashore to telephone. I headed for an exit and, my luck being good, I ran into the English acquaintance who had several times before taken me to Newcastle by car. "Going to Newcastle?" he asked.

"Yes, I am."

"Hop in. I'll give you a lift."

And twenty-five minutes later he let me out when we reached Grey Street. Never in my life had I been so tense. I knew that the system Szemiel and Kaminski had organized was not confined to the ship. Deserters who got

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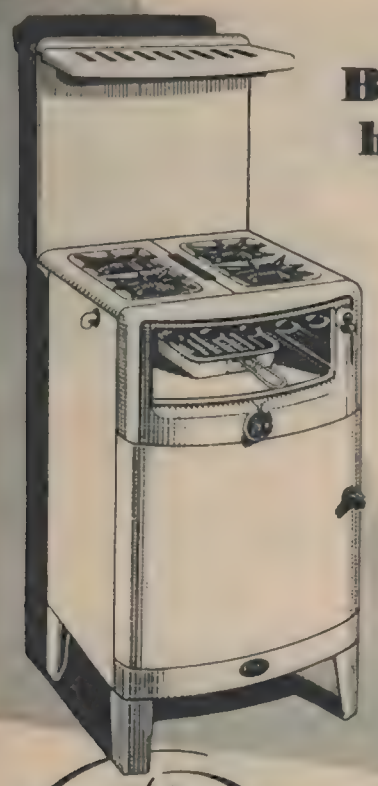

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away could sometimes even be found in London. Railway stations in particular were watched.

It was my intention to go to London and I knew that a train left before long, but I dared not take it. So I hunted up a car-hire agency and took a car and chauffeur to Darlington, some thirty miles south. That was the next stop the train would make after leaving Newcastle, and I wanted to board it there. I took a first-class ticket, to avoid other passengers, and found an empty compartment.

When the train stopped at York I was seventy-five miles or so from the Batory. I had told the steward at breakfast that I would not be aboard for lunch, so it was unlikely that Szemiel and Kaminski had yet begun to miss me—although they might be wondering. When my personal steward, who was a spy, realized I had not returned for dinner, they would know. By then I would be more than halfway to London.

Fear Of Recapture

I had no intention of entering that city by the first train I could have taken after leaving the Batory. Szemiel and Kaminski would phone the Polish consulate in London, and they would surely have the train met—and by more than one man.

So when the train stopped at a suburban station, I stepped off, and asked a porter when there would be a local train to London. He was puzzled that I should leave a fast for a local, but he gave me the next train's departure time.

The train was well filled when it came in. Presently we rolled into King's Cross Station. I remained where the crowd was thickest, and from a telephone booth rang up a Polish friend, who urged me excitedly to come to his flat. It was decided that I should remain hidden there, not going out of doors at all, until the Batory had sailed.

The ship had been scheduled to sail on June 21, two days after I reached London. She did not get away for another twenty-four hours. I could well imagine how great the excitement had been on board. I learned that word had been given out, for its effect on the crew of course, that I might have been kidnapped by the British or by "expatriate Polish enemies of the People's Republic." That report showed Kaminski in his true form.

At last, word came of the departure of the Batory under the command of the chief officer.

Late the following afternoon I left my friend's flat. I went alone, not wishing to bring his name into the matter if that could be avoided. The place to which I went was not impressive. An iron bracket hung out over the entrance and supported a square electric lantern with blue glass in each of its four sides. The single word POLICE was etched on each of those blue sides.

My Plea For Asylum

I found myself in a narrow porch from which a small hallway opened. I went on into a plain waiting-room. Still finding no one, I went farther, into a room in which a police sergeant was seated at a desk, writing.

"Good afternoon, sir," I said. He completed the sentence he was writing, and then, with his pen poised in his hand, he glanced at me.

"Good afternoon," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

"I am Captain Jan Cwiklinski," I told him, "master of the Polish motorship Batory. I left the ship in Newcastle on the nineteenth, and I am asking for political asylum and your protection."

* * *

FOOTNOTE: Captain Cwiklinski was granted political asylum in Britain, after a short stay in Brixton Prison. Later he went to live in the United States, believing that the future of Poland probably lies with the six million Poles in America. He is there now. THE END

"The Captain Leaves His Ship" will be published in Britain by Robert Hale

THE CASE OF THE SICK SEÑORA

Continued from page 34

bubonic plague. We need it urgently and vitally. Today I have one case, tomorrow I may have twenty. The people must be inoculated. I'm just an unknown doctor. You, señor, are the chief officer for health. It is you who must act."

"But of course, Señor Gretton, of course." Señor Carrera had risen to his feet, his little eyes shining with mingled pride and excitement. "I am the chief officer for health, appointed by the president personally. Without a doubt I will act, and at once, señor. But. . . ." He spread his hands helplessly. "*Nombre de Dios!* What can I do?"

"You can send a telegram to San Munoz," the doctor told him. "Address it to the president. Ask him to radio New Orleans for aid."

"To the president personally? A telegram?"

Señor Carrera hesitated, then smiled and said decisively: "*Bueno*, it shall be done, señor. Maybe the president will not be pleased. Who knows? But it shall never be said that in times of crisis Don Manuel Fernando Ricardo de Mendialdua Carrera does not act promptly. What else, Señor Gretton? Have we no serum here?"

The doctor grimly shook his head. "None. And if they don't act promptly in San Munoz we're sunk."

Señor Carrera brooded, then declared triumphantly: "Señor, I have it. This telegram we shall send, but we also will use the radio. Perhaps we ourselves can contact New Orleans. At the barracks our gallant army has a transmitter. One cannot know, but perhaps it works. One can but try."

"Good," said the doctor. "As you say, one can but try. This dead rat now. . . ."

Señor Carrera sighed. "Ah, yes, this very dead rodent, for which I must confess I have no great affection. Should it not be buried hastily?"

"Buried! Good God, no. It should be sent at once for examination. You could send it by special courier to San Munoz, and we could inform them in the telegram."

"A rat, señor? A very dead rat? I think they will not be pleased."

"I assure you it is most important, señor," the doctor said impressively.

Señor Carreras shrugged his immense shoulders. "*Bueno*. You, Felipe, will remain in charge here while Señor Gretton and I arrange these matters."

Two hours later Doctor Gretton was enjoying his normal eleven o'clock breakfast on his balcony overlooking the sea, a breakfast of shark's fin soup, crab stew, an iguana steak, breadfruit, pineapple and coffee. The telegram had been sent, and the army radio operator had been instructed to do his best to get the message through both to Huesca and New Orleans. Meanwhile, news of these happenings had spread rapidly through the town, so that Rodrigo, in addition to looking in on Señora and serving the doctor's breakfast, was kept busy informing excited callers that Doctor Gretton had no statement to make.

After breakfast, the doctor, who was by now beginning to be optimistic regarding the arrival of a supply of serum, made preparations for turning the *pulperia* into a temporary inoculation room.

He visited Señora once or twice and found her condition no better and no worse. In fact, it remained unchanged throughout the day. But by nightfall it showed some improvement.

Next morning the doctor was relieved, but also greatly concerned, at finding that Señora had no temperature at all and wanted to get up. This he at once forbade and returned to his room to ponder what seemed to be an awkward situation. With no possibility of an outbreak of plague, both he and Señor Carrera were going to lose a lot of face in Morella whether the serum arrived or not. And if it did arrive, and wasn't used, the citizens of Morella, who were apt to regard any little flutter of excitement as the

It's The Custom . . . in LICHFIELD

St. George's Court today. Once, it fined Sam Johnson's father

Whatever the excuse—the fine is fourpence

A STICK of rock, a couple of cigarettes, an egg, a bunch of flowers, a few stamps—all these have been sent to St. George's Court by citizens of Lichfield who have failed to attend for jury service and are anticipating their fine.

St. George's Court sits every year on April 23 in Lichfield's Guildhall, and the Mayor, Sheriff and Town Clerk attend in their formal robes. To the Town Clerk (now Henry Callender), in his capacity as Steward of the Manor of Lichfield, falls the job of empanelling a jury of twelve from the hundred citizens summoned to attend. He makes his selection by drawing numbered discs from a bag.

Anyone who fails to be present when summoned is liable to trial by the selected jury, and a fine of one groat—fourpence. Last year, about thirty-five of those called did not arrive. Each of these defaulters was reported to the jury, and in every case the jury's decision was: "Fine him!"

"The jury is always impartial," says a spectator. "It fines every absentee, irrespective of the excuse."

St. George's Court has a history which goes back deep into the Middle Ages. It is a survival of one of the old manorial courts which were found all over England and were occasions for the enforcement of oaths of allegiance to the feudal lord, the hearing of local disputes and the trial of petty offences against the laws of the manor.

Lichfield has an almost complete set of records of the court from the year 1646. The roll for 1689 shows that a citizen was fined fourpence for not clearing the mud from his housefront. In 1700, William Bayley was fined for having "a muckhill place" in Stowe Street—a serious offence in the days before dustbins.

In 1690, the court fined Michael Johnson ten shillings for failing to attend as a juror. Michael Johnson was the father of a boy called Samuel, who was born in a house overlooking the Market Square in 1709, and lived to compile the famous dictionary.

Despite its dignified history, St. George's Court today is a very gay affair. "Many people come along just to hear others having their legs pulled," says a Lichfield resident who has been connected with the court for thirty years.

The main business of the court nowadays is to elect the City's two High Constables, to fill other ancient offices, and to hear the Constables' annual report on the Conduit Lands Trust which supplies Lichfield with water.

Some people still raise complaints at the court. A few years ago, one man protested because the houses in his street had remained unnumbered for thirty years. "My complaint brought results," he says. "The job was done within a year."

spice of life, were going to be sadly disappointed.

"Too much brandy," the doctor muttered, pouring himself a generous three fingers. "That's the trouble. Ordinary one-day fever, and I go and make a howler of a diagnosis. Can't understand it. Must have had one too many."

He was raising his glass when from the street below came the cry, "*Señor Carrera! Un telégrama por Señor Carrera!*"

"Ha!" exclaimed the doctor, in his excitement setting down his drink untasted. "Must be the answer." He opened his door. "*O-hé, Rodrigo!*" he bawled. "Go quick to Señor Carrera and ask what news." Hearing Rodrigo's "*Si, Señor Gretton,*" he returned to his brandy.

Half an hour later Rodrigo brought in a large pink envelope. The doctor tore it open and read:

TO MY DEAR AND MOST DISTINGUISHED COLLEAGUE: HEREWITH GREAT NEWS, MY DEAR SENOR GRETTON. THE PRESIDENT MOST ENTHUSIASTIC REPEAT ENTHUSIASTIC. HE SAYS: HAVE PERSONALLY RADIOED NEW ORLEANS. AM ASSURED SERUM BEING SENT BY AIR. HAVE NO FEAR, THE BRAVE PEOPLE OF MORELLA MUST AND SHALL BE SAVED. MESSAGE ENDS. A THOUSAND FELICITATIONS! CARRERA.

The doctor read it glumly. "Must and shall be saved—poppycock! What is there to save?" The answer came to him with enlightening suddenness. Of course! His own face and Carrera's. Why not? No one but he knew of his mistake—not even Rodrigo or Señor Carrera, and certainly not Señora. He

Squashed

"Listen, Snooty, my uncle's a proper colonel with bags of medals and a gun for shooting elephants."

"*My father met a Prime Minister once and—*"

"That's nothing. My uncle gives me a whole bottle of lemon squash when I mow his croquet lawn. Smashing stuff called Rose's—"

"*My father—*"

"—and my uncle says he wouldn't know what to do without Rose's. That's good enough for me!"

ALL CHILDREN and most parents prefer Rose's Squashes *because they contain more sugar.* Get a bottle of Rose's today (orange, lemon or grapefruit) and organise a tasting party with your family.

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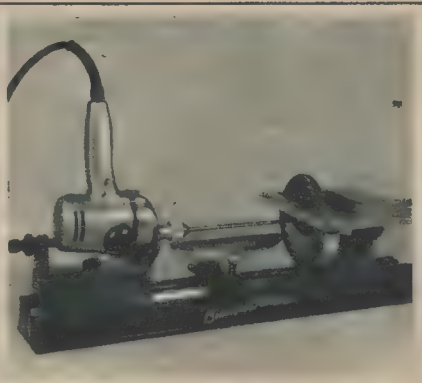

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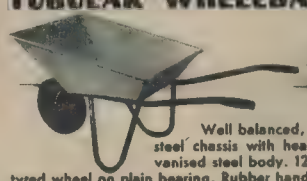

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. . . are washable, too

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had told Carrera that there was one case of plague; but he had never said who it was, and neither Carrera nor anyone else had asked. To remove any possible suspicion, Señora could get up at once. The rest was easy. "By God, yes!" he muttered, reaching for the brandy bottle. "That's it. Inoculate the whole ruddy lot."

The next few days were destined to become memorable in Morella's history. First, there was the arrival that afternoon of a U.S. seaplane, which circled gracefully down out of a clear sky on to the smooth blue water beyond the old stone quay and, having discharged its fragile cargo into a fishing boat, skimmed off again over the water with a haste that, in other circumstances, would have been regarded in Morella as a grave discourtesy.

Thereafter, Doctor Gretton, assisted by Señora, Rodrigo and Felipe, toiled for three days, while more and more men, women and children bared their arms, and Señor Carrera, always immaculately attired, alternated in praising the doctor's medical efficiency and his own administrative and organizing ability.

It was on the morning of the fourth day that Doctor Gretton, having slept a little longer than usual, breakfasted as magnificently as ever, and fortified himself liberally with brandy, called at Señor Carrera's office in response to a written request which, he had thought, portended a speech of special thanks.

He was received cordially and courteously but with a suspicion of reserve. Señor Carrera, normally so effervescent, so overwhelmingly buoyant, seemed somehow less cheerful than usual.

"Señor," he said, as the doctor took the vacant chair opposite, "I am moch perplexed. I give advice—good advice. It is not taken." He shrugged resignedly. "*Bueno*. I do not complain. But it is soch a pity."

"Advice, señor?" The doctor looked blankly at him. "What advice, señor?"

Señor Carrera said sadly. "That very dead rat, señor, for which I could find so little affection. We should have buried it—hastily."

He pushed a slip of paper across the table.

"The report, señor. Please read it."

Mentally translating from Spanish, Doctor Gretton was astounded to read against "Cause of Death," one word only: *malnutrition*.

"Good God!" he exclaimed.

"Precisely, señor. The president may use stronger language."

"You think this will come to the notice of the president?"

Señor Carrera sighed. "Señor, whatever one may wish to think, one knows that in the world of today Huesca is a small, unimportant state of which few people have ever heard: also that Morella is an even less important town. Since a few days, moch publicity has been given to Huesca and Morella. You may be assured that the president personally will have seen this report: also that he will shortly ask questions, awkward questions, señor. Who knows? Maybe a question about your one case of bubonic plague."

The doctor grunted. "M'yes, but it would be difficult to answer. Of course, señor, to you I can explain—"

It was then that Señor Carrera achieved the pinnacle of his greatness. With upraised hand he interrupted the doctor. "Señor, you are a gentleman, and also my friend. Between gentlemen and friends there can be no question of explanations. Maybe I shall suffer through this. Maybe I shall lose my appointment. But, señor, it shall never be said of Don Manuel Fernando Ricardo de Mendialdua Carrera that in times of trouble he requires explanations from his friends. The matter is closed, señor, and while I calmly await my fate we will share a bottle of good *aguardiente*."

The echo of his loud call to a servant, to bring brandy and glasses, had barely died when another cry was heard. It was a cry from the street, a cry taken up by many voices: "*Señor Carrera! Un telégrama por Señor Carrera!*"

The great man shrugged dramatically. "You see señor. I do not have long to wait."

It was Felipe who, a moment later, brought in the telegram and handed it excitedly to his chief.

SEÑOR CARRERA took the envelope and opened it with a steady hand, calmly, almost nonchalantly, as though its contents were of no importance. But as he read the message his expression changed. Watching him intently, Doctor Gretton saw his forehead wrinkle in perplexity, and then, as comprehension appeared to dawn, his mouth open, widely, first in wonder, then in exultation. He gave a great shout of joy.

"*Mira! Mira! Señor. Ah, Dios!* But our president is a truly great man." He banged the message on the table before the doctor. "Read, señor! Read!"

Doctor Gretton did so, while Felipe leaned over the doctor's shoulder and traced the words with a finger that shook with emotion:

CAN APPRECIATE FROM RAT REPORT YOUR REAL REASON FOR SERUM REQUEST STOP HUESCA NEVER YET HAD SUCH EXTENSIVE AND FIRST-CLASS PUBLICITY STOP FRONT PAGE COVERAGE MOST AMERICAN PAPERS STOP PARTICULARLY OPPORTUNE AS HUESCA CASE FOR AMERICAN FINANCIAL AID BEING CONSIDERED WASHINGTON NEXT WEEK STOP DESIRE YOU COME SANMUNOZ URGENTLY AS MINISTER PUBLICITY AND INFORMATION STOP MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS—PAULOS DE VEDA PRESIDENT

On his feet and beaming joyously, Señor Carrera was thumping the doctor on the back when his servant brought in the bottle of brandy.

"Glasses, Ramon!" he exclaimed, "more glasses! Today we shall all drink. You, señors, shall drink to the new Minister for Publicity and Information, Don Manuel Fernando Ricardo de Mendialdua Carrera. I will drink to Señor Gretton, who will shortly be appointed Chief Officer for the Department of Public Health. Yes, Señor Gretton, and I will drink also to your very dead rat, for which I have now conceived a lasting affection."

Señor Carrera's departure two days later, in the banana ship, was witnessed by cheering crowds at the Customs House and on the old stone quay, and enlivened by the enthusiasm of a brass band from the barracks which continued to play even after the Tampa had rounded the distant promontory.

Early the following morning, Doctor Gretton, sipping brandy on his balcony, observed Felipe and his assistant in the street below.

"The swamp, Felipe!" he shouted. "Do not forget the swamp!"

Felipe flashed him a smile.

"*Bueno* Señor Gretton. Tomorrow. Tomorrow we shall start." THE END

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A Rolls-Royce
propeller turbine engine
was the first to be officially approved
for civil aviation

THE LITTLE WALLS

Continued from page 27

may have to wait in here for a long time yet."

"I'll be all right."

"Don't be a fool. I'll turn my back."

"Oh. All right."

I did so. After a bit, she said: "I'm okay now."

In silence, I paddled nearer the entrance. It was still raining heavily.

I said: "Drink?"

"Thank you."

I poured some coffee into one of the cups and she took it. I swallowed some myself. I needed it.

She said: "I'm sorry I'm so unsatisfactory."

"It depends which way you mean."

She glanced at me. "You know which way I mean."

"Well, I don't want to be unfair. Aesthetically you're a pleasure to look at."

"Thank you very much."

THERE was a long silence. At last she said slowly: "What I've done, what I do now, may seem out of focus to you. It doesn't to me. Perhaps when I've explained as much as I can, perhaps then it'll seem slightly more reasonable. I've got to go back to when my husband died, and the boy—or soon after. It'll be a bore for you, but it all dates from then."

"It won't be a bore at all."

"After they died, I rather let go of the reins for a bit. There didn't seem any clear way for me to go or any reason for me to go anywhere. Then, in this sort of drift state, I met a man. It was at St. Jean de Luz. He had come in there for a few days. He was older than me, nice to be with, cultured, attentive, all the sort of things I seemed to need."

She stopped, wrinkling her brows. "I think, right from the beginning, he appealed to something, a recklessness, if you like. He didn't run to pattern. You could be with him and know him and yet still wonder about him, where he'd been, the exciting things he'd done.

"There was always something new that you didn't know, because you'd missed the earlier instalments. And I think he had—has the kind of imagination that can get inside someone else's mind and interest itself in what it finds there. Well, at the time, there didn't seem much reason to me in anything, but there was reason in *him*." She paused again, thinking it over. "We—teamed up."

"I see."

"It didn't seem to matter then—and after a while I came to care a lot more about him. That sort of feeling isn't to rule, is it? You can't turn the page, say that's that, just when you want to or think you ought to. *That's* something that doesn't follow the normal lines."

The warmth of the coffee was welcome. I unwrapped the sandwiches and she took one.

"But after a time, after about three months with him, I couldn't any longer make things read quite right even to myself. And there were hitches over money; we ran through what I had that wasn't tied up; his attitude is queer, not exactly dishonest, but he acts sometimes as if he's above the ordinary rules. . . . We made efforts to patch things up. Then he went out to the Far East and I heard nothing of him except two letters in nearly twelve months. One day I got a cable. It was sent from Jakarta—you know, it used to be called Batavia."

"Yes, I know."

"He asked me to meet him in Amsterdam. I had to go . . . I—had to go. When you're attached to someone, you forget some of the things you don't like, and those you don't forget you hope have changed. So it was a *bitter* disappointment to find that they hadn't changed."

"Was Grevil with him?"

"Yes. And he was travelling under another name."

"Buckingham?"

She looked at me. "Yes. They were very friendly, this man and your brother. I could tell Grevil was sincere, even though I'd only just met him. It was obviously an honest affection, very strong, good. But Buckingham—the false name to begin with—I could tell, knowing him, that somehow he was going to cheat. I wasn't sure how, but I knew the signs. I wanted no part in it. If that was the price of coming to terms again—helping him in something shady that he wasn't even prepared to explain—then the price was too high." She stopped, rubbed her finger along the edge of the boat. "You can guess the rest."

"You mean that your letter was meant for Buckingham? But how did it get into Grevil's pocket?"

"I gave it to him to give to Buckingham. I didn't want ever to see Buckingham again. With him it wasn't just a question of uttering the words. . . . Or it might have been if I'd cared nothing at all—but when you're still divided within yourself and have to face a man who isn't and always has a terrific talent for getting his own way. . . ."

"He wanted you to go back to him?"

"Yes. He talked as if he'd made money—or was coming into it, wanted me to stay with him on the Continent, spoke of settling somewhere on the Mediterranean. But, of course, I didn't know how much notice to take of that. He's always a man who, as soon as he has some money, speaks as if he has an unlimited amount. . . . I'm sorry I'm not saying this very well."

"What I still don't understand is: what made you give the note to Grevil?"

She put her bare feet into her sandals and buckled them. Her feet were still damp and the straps seemed tight. I said: "You haven't eaten your sandwich."

She straightened up and bit at the bread. Some ends of her hair which had been wet were beginning to dry and curl.

"When I got to Holland, I stayed at a hotel in the Niewe Doelenstraat. The next day they came. Dr. Turner stayed at a hotel called the Grotius. Buckingham would have put up at the hotel where I was, but it was full. We spent quite a bit of that first day together, and the second day we'd all arranged to meet at the Grotius. There was some sort of arrangement that Dr. Turner should take us—or take me—to the Indies Museum. But by then I felt it was no good to go on."

SHE hesitated. "Of course, I could have just left and caught a plane without a word, but I didn't want ever afterwards to shout coward after my own shadow. So I decided to face—Buckingham. And then, when I went round, he was *out*. So I went to Grevil's hotel to see if he was already there, but he wasn't, and the receptionist said Grevil was engaged, so I waited.

"And, while I waited either for Buckingham to come or Grevil to come down, my good intentions began to sideslip. If I stayed and Grevil came down first, the opportunity would be gone; I couldn't say what I wanted to in front of him.

"So I wrote a note. I was going to take it back to Buckingham's hotel, but just as I was writing it, Grevil came downstairs with two men. I scribbled the last few lines while he was seeing them off, and then gave him the letter and said would he give it to Buckingham when he came. He said he would, and that was the last I ever saw of him."

I offered her another sandwich, but she shook her head. I put the top on the Thermos, wrapped up the other sandwiches, and put them back in the carrier.

I said: "Did you seal the letter?"

"Yes."

"The envelope wasn't torn. I suppose the water soaked the gum off it and the flap came open. Did you address it?"

"No. There seemed no need—and the whole thing was done in a hurry."

"These two men who were seeing Grevil, what were they like?"

"I don't remember much. They

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MR. SHARE owned a house, and before the war he let it to Mr. Bellow at a monthly rent of £6. In 1941, a bomb demolished the building completely, and Bellow went to live elsewhere.

After this, Share and Bellow had no correspondence with each other; there was a complete silence between them until a few years after the war, when Share began to build a new house on the bombed site.

Bellow heard about this, and when the house was almost finished, he wrote to Share saying: "I have learned that you are putting up another house on the land which I rented from you before the war.

"This letter will inform you that I claim the right, as tenant, to live in the new house when it is ready."

Share was aghast; he wanted the house for himself and had not dreamed that he would hear from Bellow again. He replied to the letter. "Our arrangement was terminated by a bomb in 1941," he wrote. "The whole basis of your tenancy disappeared then. After years of silence, you cannot suddenly arrive and demand possession of the new house."

Share thought that this was an end of the matter—until Bellow demanded the keys of the new house when it was finished. Share refused him access and the matter went to court.

"I am tenant of the premises," Bellow told the judge. "The tenancy has never been broken off by Share, therefore I am entitled to possession. Share cannot refuse to give me my rights just because he has not heard from me for some years."

"The agreement for tenancy was ended," argued Share, "when the old house was destroyed. Bellow cannot hide himself for such a long time, showing no interest in the place at all—abandoning it, in fact—and now expect to live in the new house."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 50

were Dutch, I should have thought, middle-aged, in grey overcoats."

"Did Grevil look worried when you met him?"

She folded back one sleeve of her jersey where the cuff had come down. "Yes. Yes."

"Did he say anything unusual?"

"I don't think so. He said he was waiting for—Buckingham."

"And then?"

"Well, that's all I can tell you, Philip."

There was a silence. I said: "I think it's stopped raining."

"Yes."

I began to speak, and then waited. She said: "Do you believe me?"

"Of course—so far as it goes."

"There's no 'of course' about it."

"Well, there is for me."

She glanced at me with a queer, rather worried look. "You're still determined to stay—to make things worse by. . . . ?"

"By staying. Yes. I've told you. There are two reasons now."

"There shouldn't be."

"There are."

I rowed the boat back towards the opening. It was risky, but we could get through if we picked our time.

"And you won't tell me any more?"

"As it is, I've said too much."

"Did you tell him you were going to tell me this much?"

She glanced up swiftly. "I believe we should go now, Philip."

The light coming through from outside was unbearably bright. I stared at her a minute longer and then gave it up.

"Ready?"

"Yes."

I SHIPPED the oars and hurriedly clutched the chain fixed to the roof. We lurched through into the morning. Warmth met us and a dazzling brilliance. From under the roots of the cloud the sun was shining across a rough, grey-brown sea that was not recognizably Neapolitan.

For a bit I could see nothing, and anyway was too busy pulling the boat away from the cliff. Then I saw a boat; the one that came each day to collect the admission fees. The two Italians in it looked pretty astonished to see us shoot out. But it didn't take

The sleeping baby test

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Assuming well-surfaced roads and good springs, the baby will stay asleep. *This means that Shell with I.C.A makes your car run more smoothly.*

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Secondly, Shell has better "mixture distribution". This means that an exactly equal amount of petrol vapour enters each cylinder on the induction stroke, so each piston is driven with exactly the same force. Your engine runs as smoothly and efficiently as it can.

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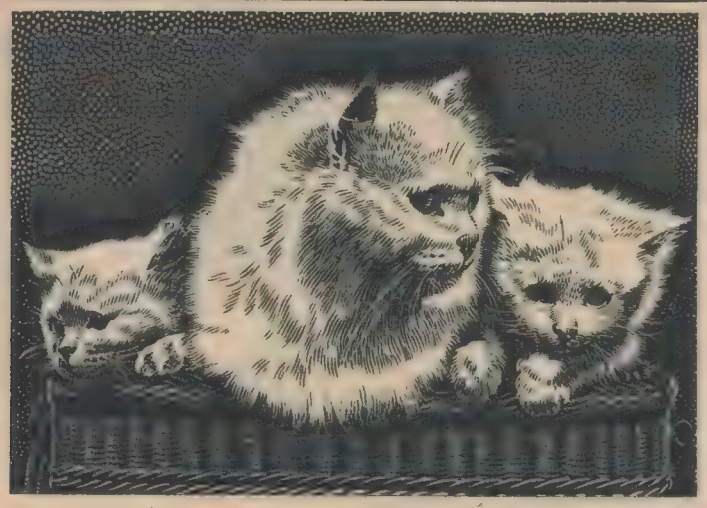

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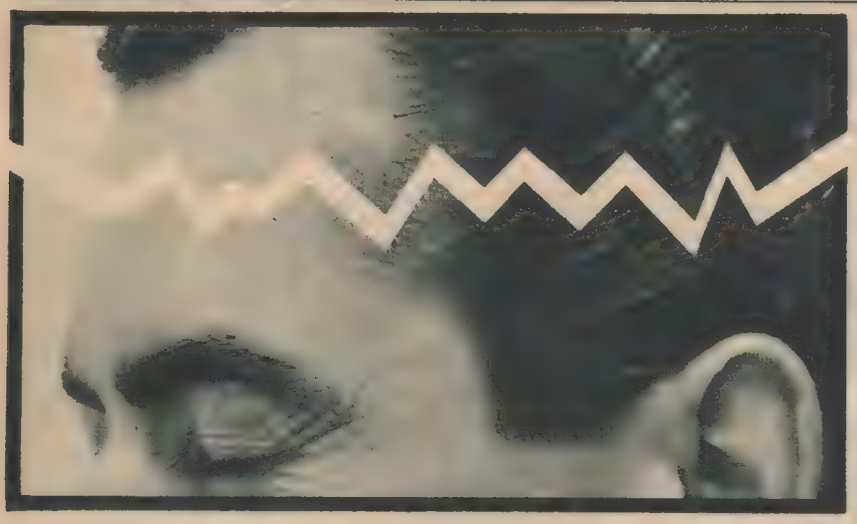

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Disprin's pleasant flavour makes it more agreeable to take. If no glass of water is available, Disprin tablets can be dissolved on the tongue or swallowed.

Take Disprin for the safe and rapid relief of headaches, rheumatism, colds and 'flu.

DISPRIN REGD. is recommended for all those conditions in which aspirin was taken

them long to get the thing straightened out in their own minds. I started up the engine and puttered over to them.

"How much?"

"Two hundred lire, if you please, signore."

I paid. When we were away again, I said: "We'd better make for the Marina Grande. The sea may be too heavy at the other side."

"All right."

Out in the sunlight, she was coloured up from her swim.

I said: "Leonie, why have you changed your mind since Holland? There you were finished with this Buckingham, apparently. Now you're trying to protect him from me."

"I'm not sure that that's the way round I think of it."

"He's on this island, isn't he?"

She bent to pick up her bathing suit. I looked at her crouched figure, the ruffled, shining hair, the long curve of the dark jersey.

"If telling you *anything* more, Philip, would bring your brother back to life. . . . But it won't. And you have your own life to live."

"I've heard that before."

"Well, it's true."

"If I left this as it is now, I shouldn't be a very happy companion for myself. Do you believe this Buckingham is a dangerous man?"

"In a *way*. . . . Very."

"According to what you tell me, you couldn't betray him if you wanted to—because you've no idea what happened. All you could tell me is his real identity—is that it?"

"Yes, but that would lead to much more."

"Perhaps in some ways I already know more about him than you. The name Buckingham isn't a new line. He's been in scrapes under the same name before. And unpleasant scrapes, the sort that leave a bad flavour in the mouth. . . . Leonie, it's your turn to believe me, now. I'm not lying to you."

She looked at me. "No, Philip, I didn't suppose you were."

"You didn't know that, though?"

"Not in so many words. But I never supposed his past to be blameless."

"It's probable he's a murderer. You realize that?"

She put her swim-suit on the seat beside her, folded it, didn't speak.

I said: "Yet you still shield him."

"If that's what you call it."

"Well, what do you call it?"

She said: "Stop it, Philip. Stop it! I've told you as much as I can. If you want to call in the police, then call them in. They won't learn any more from me. I *can't* say any more. I *can't*."

Her lips were quivering.

"All right," I said. "Leave it at that. There's just one last thing I want to ask, but you needn't answer if you don't want. Do you still care about him?"

After a pause, so long that I thought she'd given up, she said: "Yes, I still care about him."

WHEN I got back to the hotel there was a letter for me from Java, which had been forwarded on. I expected it was from Pangkal, my brother's assistant to whom I had written, but I shoved it in my pocket unopened and went into Martin's room to find him just finishing his breakfast.

I was feeling pretty low.

When I had explained what had happened, he stood up and went to the window. He said sombrely: "God knows, I wonder if we're not wasting our time here. What truth can we get out of either of them if they don't want to talk?"

"We'll see about that."

"The threat of the police won't cut much ice. You know, it still seems to me that if there is anything to be made out of this mess, it will be in Holland. I can't get away from it. Your brother's death took place on Jodenbree's doorstep. On his doorstep. . . ."

"We may finish up there yet. We've got to tidy up this end first."

The morning was perfect after the storm. The curious effect of getting up very early once in a while is to add another complete period to the day. I let Martin go on to the beach because I had to call at the bank about my dollars, and even then I was down on the beach myself by eleven-thirty.

I went to our usual spot and saw da Cossa lying sun-bathing with Jane, but there was no sign of the others.

I stopped some distance from the sun-bathers, but Jane heard the crunch of stones and raised her head and coo-eed. I waved back and gestured to say I would join them later, having no intention of doing so. Da Cossa had looked up but made no welcoming sign.

I suddenly spotted Martin and Leonie sitting on some rocks across the bay. They had evidently just swum there, because I could see their skins glistening. I stripped to bathing trunks but decided not to join them. Perhaps he might, in some roundabout way, get some information out of her that I'd failed to get. I didn't put it beyond him.

I lay back for a bit, letting the sun soak in. I felt rotten inside, and tried to persuade myself that it was entirely because I was making so little progress in what I'd come about.

AFTER a bit, the sun seemed to relax things, and I half dozed, glad to forget the disappointment and the failures. I dreamed I was on a beach in England, and staring into a pool in which the depth and the colours constantly changed. After a time, I thought it was Leonie's eyes, and I could hear her voice saying: "If I could bring your brother to life again, Philip! But I can't, I can't. He's still in that Dutch canal."

And now I could see Grevil's body floating in the depths of the pool. I stirred suddenly and looked up from the pool, and saw Grevil walking towards me across the sand, but instead of his feet making no sound there was the steady crunch, as of breaking bones.

I sat up, really awake this time, time, and saw a tall Italian woman who had passed close beside me, her feet rattling the pebbles.

The scene hadn't changed. The sun-bathers had not altered their position. Leonie and Martin were still sitting on the rocks. I remembered the letter from Java and fished it out of my pocket. It was from Dr. Pangkal, in answer to the letter I had written him from Holland. Still a bit drowsy, I began to read it.

Dear Sir,

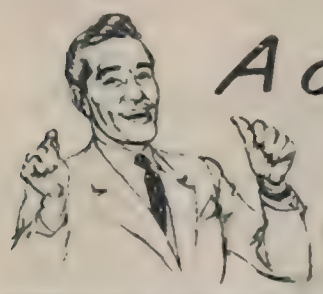
I thank you for your letter reaching me recently. The death of your honourable brother will have brought grief upon all who knew him. So it has upon me, and I submit condolences to you and to your family.

You question me in some length referring to Mr. Jack Buckingham who helped him during my lamentable disease. I append hereunder such information as I can submit to you. I should say that I have already faced police inquiries emanating from Amsterdam, but these have lacked goodwill on both sides.

Mr. Buckingham joined our party since four days in advance of my illness, and these days were all that I saw of him. Your honourable brother met him in the home of a Dutch planter in Surabaya, and they returned together to our camp, where my first meeting was with him. He came without gear, but his manners are full of goodwill and grace and he

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 49, the judge said that in 1941 Bellow was the lawful tenant of the premises. Since then, he had not done anything to show that he had abandoned his rights; silence is not equivalent to abandonment. Bellow was still the tenant, and entitled to possession of the new house. He won his case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)



A dish that is different—and so delicious!

✳ RECIPE FOR

Mushroom Vol-au-Vent

(Sufficient to make two)

Puff Pastry (see p. 24 McDougall's Puddings and Pies Book) 2 oval cutters: 4" × 5¼" and 1¾ × 2¾"
A little beaten egg
Parsley to garnish

Roll out pastry evenly to ¼" thickness. Cut out two large ovals and place on wetted baking sheet. Cut halfway through ovals with small cutter. Keeping the pieces of left-over pastry flat, place them on one another, press with rolling pin, flour lightly; fold and roll twice. Cut two small ovals from this pastry and place on a baking sheet. Leave pastry in cold place for 30 mins. Brush tops with beaten egg. Bake for 20 mins. Remove centres from large ovals; return ovals to oven for 5 mins. to dry inside.
Regulo Mark 8 440° Mid. Shelf.

FILLING

1¼ gills milk (1 gill = ¼ pint) 1½ ozs. McDougall's Self-Raising Flour · 1½ ozs. Margarine · ¼ lb. peeled, sliced mushrooms · Salt and Pepper

Cook mushrooms in seasoned milk till tender. Strain and measure milk, adding more if needed to make 1¼ gills. Make sauce from margarine, flour and milk. Add mushrooms, and re-heat. Fill pastry cases, put lids in place, garnish. Serve hot or cold. N.B.—Cooked chicken, ham, prawns, tinned salmon may be used instead of mushrooms.

HERE'S a wonderful way of serving mushrooms, chopped ham or the last of the chicken—make a vol-au-vent for the family. And if you use McDougall's Self-Raising Flour you can be sure that the pastry will be crisp, golden, and light as a breeze!

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77

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The cream enamel super-efficient Century makes no *mistakes*

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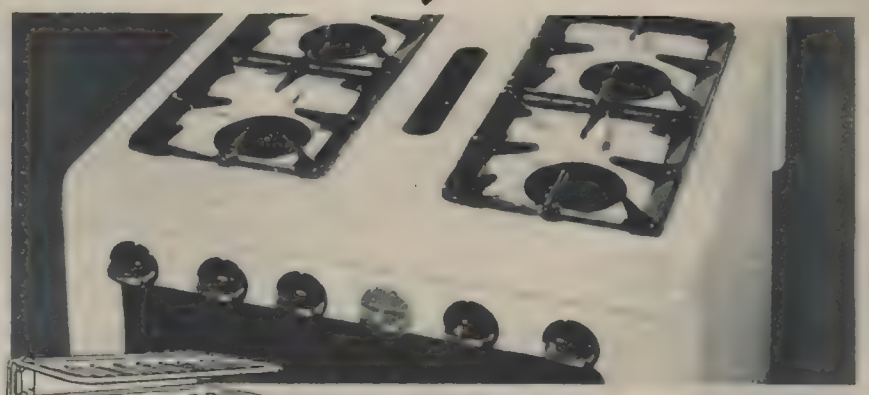

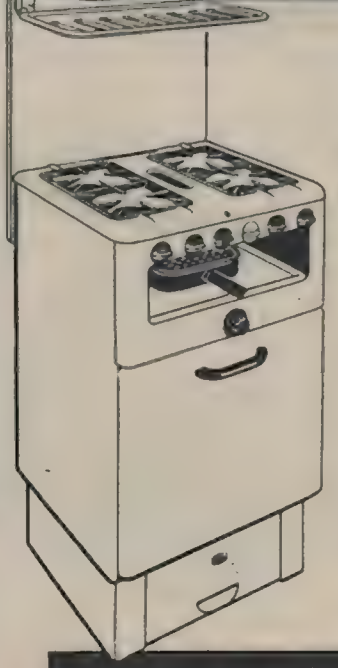

Big oven Family-size oven tackles the biggest roast, takes slow-cooking dishes on its flat base. Drop-door provides a firm platform for dishes.

Big plate rack lifts off in one. It's warmed by used oven heat coming *in front* of splash-plate and *away* from the kitchen wall.

Space in the base The plinth makes a clean home for meat tins; it opens with a lift-off door.

THE MAIN No. 20

CENTURY

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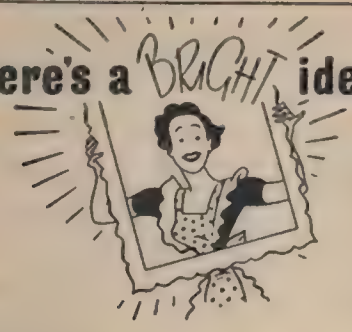

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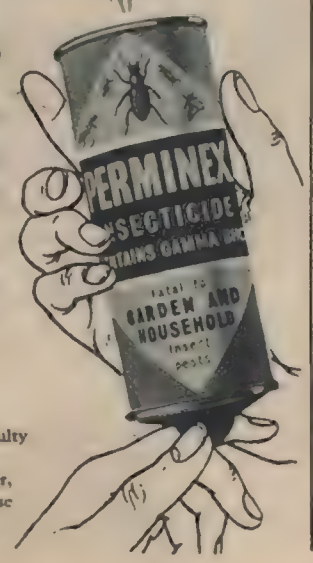

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tells of matters archaeological in enthusiasm and intelligent fashion.

But what they talk of that first night, and long into the night, for I hear it through to where I sleep, is Mr. Buckingham's claim of having found fossils in Urtini riverbed thirty miles south of Trinil site. He is not able to convince me, but Dr. Turner feels that this story shall be examined, more so because our now investigations are less good. So on the successive days we move camp.

Here, as we are to set off, an attempt is made in the early morning by outlaws, regrettably of my race, to steal the provisions and two jeeps. When Dr. Turner arrives all becomes ugly, for no fight is shown by the bearers and it may well be that he is kidnapped for a ransom. But Mr. Buckingham here shows himself resource and ruthless and shoots dead the two ringleaders and the rest flee.

The next day we arrive at riverbed and sufficient is seen to show that Mr. Buckingham is unmistaken. I think it is much later than the period we seek, but Dr. Turner disagrees. There are several disputed finds, and here I am ill, the fever strikes very severe and soon I am taken to hospital.

You ask me about Mr. Buckingham. I have the impression that he is English; he spoke before us as if it was so—but he spoke several languages with an appearance of ease. I know nothing of the many weeks your honourable brother and this man work together in my time of illness, but I will try to describe him to you in the best ability that I can.

I am always in error surmising a European's age, and this more when bearded, but he might be forty. Perhaps he is much younger. He is tall build, and spare, perhaps seventy-seven or eighty kilograms, and of above middle height for a European, perhaps 1.75 metres or a little more. His hair is nearly black and straight, his complexion to my thought noticeably pale, his face is long with strong bones, his eyes looking brown in the sun, black out of it, like olive stones, deeply put in, very handsome but seldom smiling.

He wears a small black beard on chin only and cut to a V. His forearms are hairy and he has two moles on the left forearm about nine and eleven centimetres above wrist. His teeth are his own but somewhat stained from tobacco smoke. Many people he impresses, and Dr. Turner is much taken of him, often to an exclusion—not intended I am sure—of myself. He has a good singing voice and sings songs I do not know. Dr. Turner called them German Leader, I think. When he sings his hair falls over his eyes and he pushes it away with the two first fingers of his right hand.

This, I regret, is all I can give you for description of this man. I trust you will excuse because since I am ill and that is bad for the memory.

Sir, I send you my respectful greetings and deepest condolences on your honourable brother's death.

Yours faithfully,
Gani Pangkal.

I folded the letter and put it back in the air-mail envelope. The paper crackled in my fingers as I folded it again and stuffed it in the back pocket of my trousers and fastened the button. I folded the trousers and laid them beside me with the shirt and sweater. Jane had finished grilling her back and had now turned over to face the sun. Da Cossa was sitting up and tossing pebbles into the water. From this distance they made a tiny plop-plop-plop.

Someone's head was bobbing in the water quite near the shore. It was Leonie's. She had been swimming in while I was reading and had left Martin, who was following her, well behind. Presently she got to her feet and walked in, putting her arms up to take her cap off. She saw me, hesitated for a second, and then came across, shaking out her hair.

"I didn't see you come down," she said. "What's the matter?"

"The matter?" I said. "Nothing."

"You look pale."

"I've just been to sleep—had a dream."

"What was it about?"

"I dreamed that good was evil, and evil was good, and that nobody could tell the difference."

"I don't believe you."

"No, you're right. A dream would never be as contrary as that. It takes real life to make the grade."

She smiled and sat down a little behind me, partly in the shade of a rock. She began to unlace her rope-soled shoes. Her shoulders were golden in the sunshine. There was a smear of tar on her ankle.

I said: "We're coming to dinner tonight, aren't we?"

"Oh?" She glanced up. "Oh, yes, I believe so."

As Martin came in, she climbed to her feet again—I thought a bit defensively—and stood very quietly against the cliff, watching him.

Martin in bathing trunks didn't quite confirm what Martin in clothes suggested. The impression made by the long, delicate bones of his face, the shadowed eyes, the hint of ill-health in his colour, was blown off-stage altogether. His powerful, easy-muscled figure was as delicate as a newly commissioned cruiser. There was over-tenseness somewhere, strain and a hint of nerves, but it didn't alter the complete picture.

He said: "You're a trifle too fast for me in the water, Mrs. Winter." He sat down on the stones, scattering droplets. For a second, his eyes flickered cautiously across us. "Strange I never was as much at home in the water as on it. At a pinch, I can do half a mile, but that's about my limit. Not swimming, Philip?"

"Any minute now. Will the boat be all right in the main harbour, Leonie? I feel responsible for it."

"Oh, yes. Charles is back. He's sending a man down to pick it up. . . . I must go and change."

She walked towards da Cossa and Jane. Martin's eyes followed her.

"There aren't many women who can walk away from you gracefully in a bathing costume. She's one. So Charles is back. That's Sanbergh, isn't it?"

"That's Sanbergh," I said, watching him push his black hair away. It was all there that Dr. Pangkal in his jealousy had acutely observed, even to the moles on the forearm. The original hunch, scarcely more than a wisp of supicion at first and twice since discarded, had been right after all.

To be continued next week

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KINGDOM OF THE ELEPHANT

Continued from page 31

whether they can both be focused on an object immediately in front of them. Because of the set of their eyes, elephants are credited with very poor eyesight, but I am inclined to think that most of their so-called short-sightedness is really indifference.

They have no need to look at animals in the near foreground as they have few enemies likely to be in front of them; and as they rely chiefly on scent and usually walk into the breeze, they know what is in front of them without looking.

The elephant's defective eyesight is more than offset by its amazing sense of smell—by far the most acute of all the wild animals. I have often had it proved that a herd has scented my safari at a distance of more than a mile when there was a strong breeze. I was once given an astonishing demonstration of this almost uncanny attribute of the elephant.

Herd Lay Below Me

At dawn one morning, I sent my gun-bearer over a ford to look for elephants that I had heard the night before. Later, having received no news, I decided to waste no more time, and took my complete outfit over to join him. I crossed the same ford and followed a very well-known elephant trail. The river at the ford was waist deep and very swift.

Having got my porters and loads safely over, I followed the elephant track for about a mile and climbed the far edge of a horseshoe-shaped hill, and sat for a time. In a few minutes I was surprised to find that there was a small herd of elephants just below me in the horseshoe.

After studying the herd for some time, I found that there was no ivory worth having, and resolved to try for a photograph. For this, however, I had to move the elephants. They were much too far from the hillside to be photographed from the slope, and it was futile to attempt to go down to where they were, for the grass and undergrowth were over a man's head. I therefore sent some natives round to the far side of the horseshoe.

Once there, I hoped that their scent would have the effect of moving the elephants out of the bad country in which they were standing.

Before the men had been gone ten minutes, a whiff of wind from behind us gave the elephants our scent, and away they went. They made straight for the far tip of the horseshoe, and I thought that they had gone for good.

To my surprise, however, as soon as they reached the foot of the hill, a cow screamed, and they all came racing back. They got our wind again, and the same thing happened. I couldn't understand it. It was obvious that my men could not have reached the far point of the horseshoe, and nobody was visible through my glasses.

On their return the second time, the herd was definitely feeling the effects of its exertions. The animals were all blowing hard and spraying water over their backs.

They did not wait long, however. Next, they made for the hills on the left—but there they came on to our tracks from the ford and, immediately picking up the scent, retreated hastily. By this time, my men had reached their objective, and I noticed that my gun-bearer had joined them.

I sat on the hill the whole afternoon, hoping that they would eventually quieten down and allow me to photograph them; but it was not to be. They made seven attempts to get out of the horseshoe. I saw them reach the far side for the eighth time just as the sun set, and I think they left it finally. I estimated that they had travelled at least thirty-five miles that afternoon.

When my gun-bearer joined me, later, I discovered the reason for their extraordinary behaviour. It so happened that when he crossed the ford shortly after dawn he went straight to the nearer side of the horseshoe. It was the scent of his track alone that had deterred the elephants from leaving the horseshoe!

It is amazing to think that a single human track, several hours old, was sufficient to stop a herd of elephants. This, I may say, is rather exceptional.

Deadly Six-ton Charge

A charging elephant moves at a frightening speed. It has been known for elephants to charge at twenty-five miles an hour. I can believe but not confirm it, as I never had a stop-watch in my hand at the critical moments.

Whatever the speed of a charging elephant, it is always much faster than one expects from such a colossal, heavy brute. Our usual estimate of the weight of an adult is four to six tons. To have this charging at you with the speed of an Olympic runner is a terrifying experience.

When actually charging, an elephant spreads its ears to start with, and his trunk is curled inwards until the last second, when it is suddenly

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extended to do its deadly work. There are a number of warning signs before an attack, one of which is the angry twisting of the tail. Observation of such signs has saved many lives, including my own.

One day, in the flat country south of Lake George, I came upon a small herd wandering about in fairly open country. After spending an hour or so looking for any likely tuskers, I decided that there was no ivory worth having, so I attempted to take some short-range photographs.

Stalked The Big Bull

At about 2.30 p.m. the herd settled down in some shade, and I was able to get into a favourable position. I had with me my Indian game ranger, Makhan Singh, an ex-jemadar of the Guides cavalry, a distinction he lived up to. I also had my gun-bearer, my boy Hamisi, and another native orderly; but I left all but Makhan Singh in the background when close to my quarry, as it was essential to make as little noise as possible.

The herd was under some low trees on a slope, and I saw that the big bull of the party was by himself, a hundred yards to the right of the herd, farther up the slope. I therefore approached him first, hoping to get a photograph while he was half asleep in the shade of a thorn tree, and then to come back to the more venturesome job of photographing the herd.

When I was about thirty yards from him, he roused himself for some reason —I don't think he got my scent—and slowly made off towards the herd. I took a picture as he passed, and then waited until he settled down again, still hoping to get the herd. I had got to within twenty yards when I was suddenly startled to hear two shots in quick succession, followed by the sound of two elephants falling.

I turned round and found Makhan Singh handing me my rifle and urging me to look in front. I just had time to put down my camera and seize the rifle and, turning towards the herd, to take aim at the bull who was charging straight at me. I hit him in the head, but he came on, knocked me down with a sweep of the trunk as he passed, and then fell dead. Makhan Singh had fired, too, almost at the same moment.

We now had three dead elephants and no photographs. I was furious, and vented my wrath on Makhan Singh. I asked him what the devil he meant by firing when I was trying to take photographs. Being a well-disciplined man, he said little, and I thereupon left him and ordered my boys to pitch camp.

That evening, I strolled down the hill to see the dead animals, which were only three hundred yards from my camp. The sight of them lying together annoyed me more than ever. I was furious to think of the unnecessary waste of life and the frustration of my photographic efforts. I returned to my tent, and Makhan Singh came to see me and begged that I should speak with him.

"Sahib," he said, "when you were approaching the herd, could you see what was behind the big bush on your left?"

"No, what was it?" I replied.

"There were two cows, and their tails were twisting," he said. "You know what that means. So I shot them."

I thanked him, shook him by the hand, and invited him to sit down and have a drink with me.

Ten Yards From Danger

In my anxiety to get the photograph I had had no eyes except for the herd. Makhan Singh, being some yards behind, had a more extensive view and could see the two angry cows preparing to attack me. As the bush was only a matter of ten yards to my left, he must have saved me from a most unpleasant encounter.

A great deal has been written about the gregarious habits of elephants and their family life. One authority on the Indian elephant has asserted that a herd is a family, not an agglomeration which accident or attachment may have induced to associate together. No doubt this applies to the Indian herds

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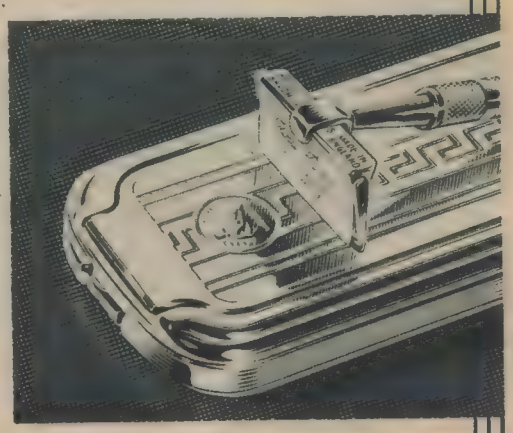

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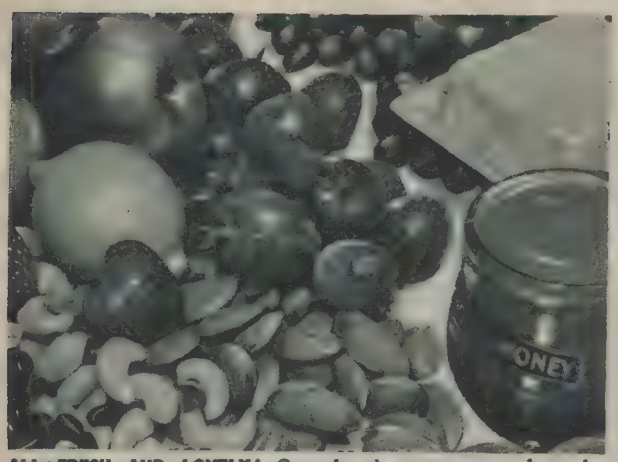

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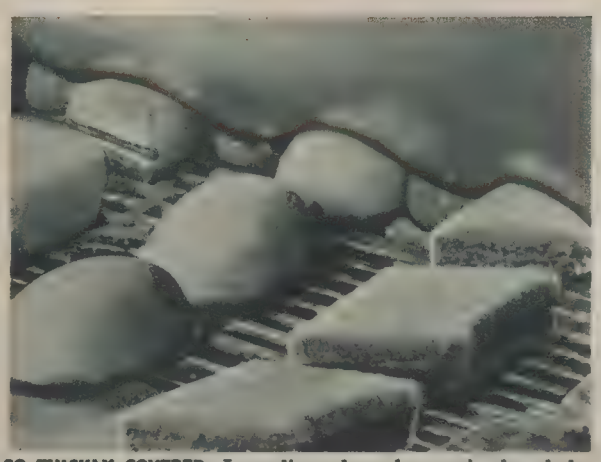

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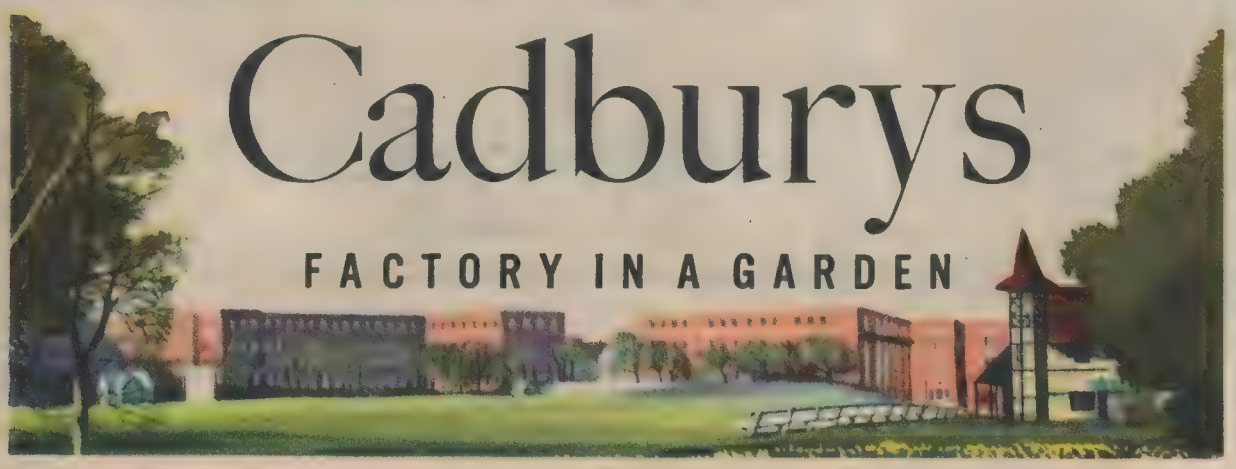

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of twenty-five or so, and may apply also to the African herd of the same size, but it could not be accepted as a generalization.

I have seen a herd of eight hundred or more elephants in Uganda, and many other herds of three hundred. These herds, after being together all day, will usually split up into smaller parties when they go to water in the evening. These may be the families.

During the two hot seasons of the year, the herds, accompanied by one or two young bulls, retreat to the cover of forests for shade, food and water for the calves. The older bulls do not usually associate with them in this more restricted family life, but prefer to continue their roaming over the usual wide area. I have seen as many as thirty-nine bulls together, and very frequently more than twenty, for periods of two or three weeks.

I have *never* seen a really big elephant alone. He is always accompanied by two or more younger ones. I think it shows a very fine trait in the elephant's character that the younger bulls should take such care of the old patriarchs. In the same way, elephants seem to be remarkably kindly to a crippled one.

When a bull is killed, the herd or his companions generally go off at once; but many times I have seen other bulls come to his assistance. Often I have seen one bull, and once or twice two or three bulls, do this heroic deed. I must also record—as there is frequent controversy on the subject—that I have often seen two or three elephants actually helping, or trying to help, a stricken companion to move out of danger. Once I saw a young female rush back several times, screaming with rage, in a noble attempt to rescue a bull that had been killed instantaneously.

Came Trumpeting At Us

When I was escorting an accomplished photographer on his first experience with elephants, we saw an example of how elephants will guard a cow with her new-born calf.

As we approached a small valley where I knew the herd to be, we made our way cautiously in the little cover available, and got within reasonably good range, and then I was surprised to see a dozen or more cows break away from the herd and come trumpeting in our direction.

I tried to reassure my friend, as I was well armed, but I could see that he was far from happy as he set about erecting the tripod for his camera. I whispered: "Carry on; I'll see to these cows if they come too close."

One of the older ones certainly did over-step the mark a bit, making several determined rushes. Twice I sent a bullet over her head before she decided to give it best.

When at length they withdrew to a safer distance—and the photographer was breathing normally again—we discovered the reason for their apparent truculence. A hundred yards or so behind where they had been lined up was a large cow with a new-born calf.

We tried to get photographs of this unique scene, but were not very successful. As we approached the terrified mother, she would make short feint attacks in our direction and then rush back to try to urge the tiny calf on to safety, but it was so small that it fell over whenever it tried to run. Not wishing to disturb the poor beast unnecessarily, we retired as soon as we had got a photograph.

Horatio Had One Eye

I was first introduced to the magnificent country around Kichwamba, the scene of many of my adventures, by my friend Nelson, in the Christmas of 1924. Inevitably, his nickname was "Horatio," for not only did he possess the surname of the hero of Trafalgar, but he also had lost an eye on active service. However, in common with his namesake, he let that deficiency in no way detract from the accuracy of his shooting.

He knew the country intimately, and on this occasion was showing me, his successor as district commissioner of Ankole, some of the more favoured haunts of the elephant.

Horatio Nelson and I went out early on Christmas Day, and half an hour after dawn, in some park-like country near a papyrus-choked lakelet called Kibona, we sighted two elephants. It was an easy matter to approach within shooting range, and at the halfway mark, I murmured: "Whose shot?"

"You take it," was the quick reply. "You can see over this grass better than I can. Try this rifle."

"Which 'phant do you want?" I whispered.

"I want them both," said Horatio, who was about to go home on leave.

The double-barrelled .475 blazed forth, and the larger elephant fell—and with it fell my hat and nearly myself as well. Horatio had forgotten to mention that his rifle had a faulty trigger, and both rounds went off together!

The elephant got up and made slowly for the swamp. The other stood and was quickly dispatched with brain-shot from my smaller rifle. Number one was given the *coup de grâce* soon afterwards. The first had tusks of approximately eighty-five pounds apiece, and the second of sixty-five and sixty-three pounds. So far, so good. Horatio could afford to go on leave.

On the evening of Boxing Day, a large bull was sighted entering a narrow piece of forest that jutted into the plain where our camp was pitched. We went after it, but emerged from the far side of the forest having seen nothing but a large muddy pool just vacated by elephants. Then we

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separated, Horatio going to the left and I to the right. In half an hour I sighted the bull and sent word to Horatio to come and join the fray.

Before he arrived, the unexpected happened. As I was overtaking the slowly moving beast, a herd forty-strong came from the forest and advanced towards the bull.

Instead of going steadily ahead, the herd turned and faced me. The cows started to scream and trumpet, and the whole mass of fury slowly closed on me. There was no cover save a small ant-hill, four feet high, several yards ahead, and firing was to be avoided if possible as it would drive away the bull. Better that than annihilation, I thought, but to reach the ant-hill meant advancing towards the herd.

The gun-bearer with the second rifle was slightly to my rear, and a tracker armed with a spear was crouching in the reedy grass. I gave whispered orders to them both to lie low and to the gun-bearer to fire in the air at a prearranged signal if it were given.

The herd came slowly nearer and the screaming continued. I picked out the biggest in the herd and gave him a bullet in the head. It was a difficult shot into the moving mass, and it failed to kill. The bull got up in a second or two; another bullet put him down.

If he does it again, I thought, my number is up. He did rise, but he didn't attack. Instead, an infuriated young female charged madly. By a lucky chance, the frontal shot was successful for once; the cow fell dead. The herd then crowded round the corpse and stood solidly bunched, some of them still facing in my direction. That corpse was only thirty-five yards from the ant-hill.

The end appeared imminent, for the highly exceptional seemed about to happen—a charge by a herd in force. As a last resort, I gave the order to fire in the air. At the same moment, Horatio, who had seen the whole episode, came hurrying up. He also fired. The herd then fled.

"Were you doing that for fun?" asked Horatio.

We tracked the herd at dawn next morning and found that the bull that I had hit twice had died five miles away, on the edge of the forest.

Dangerous Encounters

It does not fall to the luck of many to have encounters with three of the most dangerous game of Africa—lion, elephant and buffalo—in the brief period of forty-five minutes. But this happened to me during another and much more recent adventure in the Kichwamba area.

That morning, I was following the trail of an elephant on the north-east shore of Lake Edward.

Although the country is mostly arid now, owing to the erosion caused by thousands of hippo during their long journey at night in search of food, it is still fairly green and wooded in parts and, being high above the lake, it is always freshened by the prevailing breeze off the large expanse of water.

We walked on to buffaloes in twos and threes every few minutes from dawn that morning. But we were not concerned with buffaloes. I had got news of an elephant two hours' march down the lake shore.

"We," I should explain, comprised myself and two very raw men from the Congo whom I had chosen at random from my camp porters to carry my rifle and food, as my regular trackers were near the place from

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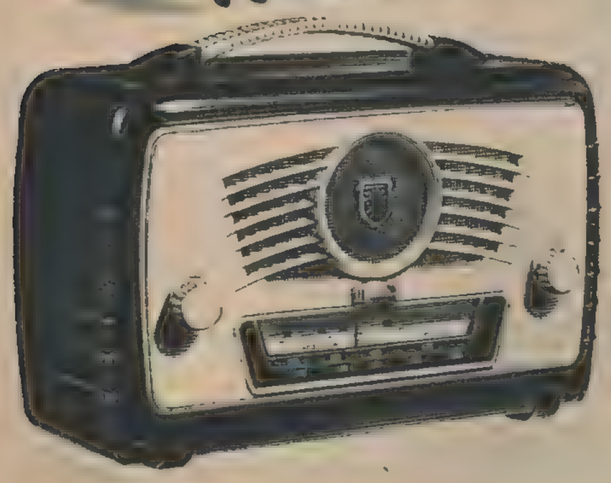

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

which I had received the report. They had camped there all night, and signalled by smoke that they were on to the spoor I wanted.

With all the buffaloes about, it was most fortunate for us that there was no rinderpest epidemic, for if there had been, the beasts would not have been so ready to retreat at our approach. Once, I nearly trod on a pair of buffaloes as I walked round the edge of a large bush. At once, they got to their feet and moved off with a snort, but stood in a really menacing way when they had gone only a dozen yards. For one moment I thought that they were going to attack, but when I slammed home the bolt of my rifle they snorted loudly again and made off.

A few minutes later, as I was sauntering along enjoying the view, I became aware that the sky was rather full of vultures. There was evidently a kill fairly close. As we approached a part of the shore I had christened "Lion Bay," I realized that the vultures were concentrating on a spot not far ahead of me, and at once the idea of a lion kill occurred to me.

We were then on the highest point of the shoreline, and the ground from there sloped down to the lake in two levels or ledges. On the ledge about thirty feet below us was a mass of vultures partly hidden by a row of bushes. Most of them were peering over the ledge down towards the lake. I assumed that the kill must be below them in the broken-wooded foreshore.

With my rifle ready for instant action, we advanced towards a gap in the bushes. As I stalked silently through the gap, I was alarmed to hear a loud and angry growl. A lion was on his kill, six feet to my left. The massive tawny head was almost at the muzzle of my rifle and, as the brute glared at me, I pushed the rifle nearly in his open mouth and was tempted to fire—but I remembered the elephant. One shot might disturb the whole countryside, and the lion had not attacked. Much as I would have liked that fine tawny skin and head, my better judgment told me that it would be an expensive luxury. The elephant might be worth £100.

More Than One Lion

In spite of the interruption of his meal, the lion, after a few more nasty growls, turned and sloped off.

Under the bush on my left, I found the remains of a warthog and, judging by the amount that had been eaten, I thought that there might have been more than one lion at the kill. One of my trackers put his hand on the carcass with the idea of taking it with him, but I forbade this as I was interested to see what would happen after we left the kill.

I went back to the higher ground and sat in the cover of bushes under a tree. In a few minutes the lion returned to the kill, and I wished I had a ciné-camera with me. The lion apparently scented the native hand that had touched his meat, for he flew into a raging temper.

For ten minutes he careered in and out of the bushes, roaring, growling and lashing his tail. Occasionally he would sit down in the bushes with only his head visible to us and glare at us in a most vindictive way, emitting low growls all the time.

At length, he made up his mind. He came out in the open on our side of the bushes, stared for a few seconds, and then, with a blood-curdling roar, started off in our direction at full speed, galloping across that arid seventy yards of ground. As he started, I snapped out to my companions: "Stand, or he will kill you."

Africans Stood Firm

At long last, I thought, as I took aim with my .404, I was in for my first charge by a lion. I did not feel a bit perturbed, as I had him at a slight disadvantage, being on higher ground. I decided to hold my fire until he was very close and then shoot him in the chest, hoping for a second shot as he winced or fell. At the same time, I was prepared for a close broadside shot if one of the Africans ran, for the lion would undoubtedly have gone for the runner first.

However, the Africans both stood their ground with spears raised. The lion came at full speed, stopped for a second about halfway, and then galloped on. Then, when he was only about fifteen yards away, to my utter amazement, he stopped dead, hesitated for a moment, and then turned.

He must have heard my voice, of course; but I think the unusual sight of three adversaries standing waiting uphill was too much for him. Had he been wounded it would, I think, have been a different story.

He trotted back to the bushes and continued glaring at us from cover.

Ten minutes after leaving the lion, I was hot on the scent of the elephant. He was, as I had anticipated, hidden away in the thickest patch of forest in the vicinity, standing browsing at the edge of a large pool in dense bush. Again I met my quarry at very close quarters, and I could have photographed him at fifteen yards.

Unfortunately he was not the grand tusker I had been led to expect, although he was a fine beast as regards height and proportions.

It is now thirty years since Horatio Nelson first introduced me to my Kichwamba haunt, where I am living today. There is now a small hotel on the place where he and I started to walk down the last steep track to the Mukorobezi stream that day before we shot the elephants. There has been talk recently of building a road from the Katunguru road past Kibona lake to Lion Bay.

It should prove to be a most entertaining one for tourists, and it may be the means of checking poaching by Africans; but the country can never be the same as far as I am concerned. In the old days it was my first love, my first introduction to real African bush.

NEXT WEEK: I attack the man-eaters of Sanga

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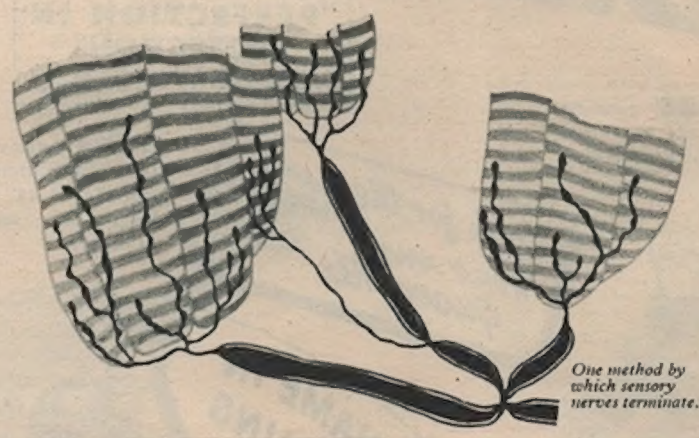

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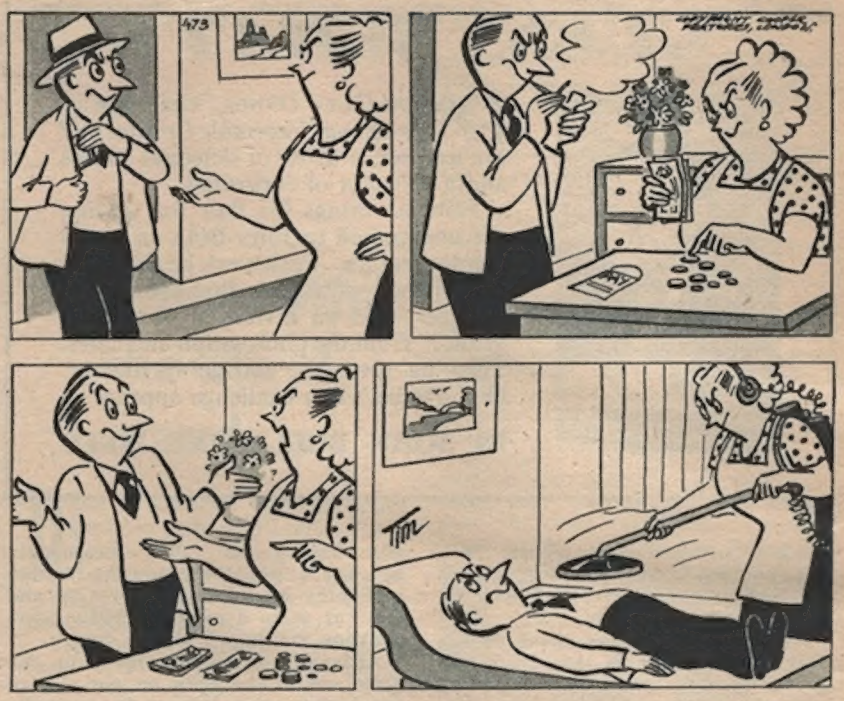

CARRAN'S WINDOW COMMANDOS BRAVE THE HEIGHTS

Continued from page 23

rocked violently and the cleaner, with his ladder and equipment, was shot into the river. Unable to swim, he had to be rescued by his colleagues.

Speed is the keynote of the gang's work. Once they were rushed to a hospital on the outskirts of London just before a Royal visit.

"Time was short," Carran says, "and we were told to do only windows in the corridors and wards which Royalty was to see. At the last minute a different route was chosen. We raced through the job, but it was such a close thing that the last man down the ladder glimpsed the official party as it turned into the corridor where he had been working."

Working quickly at considerable heights, the men find that slips and falls are a constant hazard, and take out heavy personal insurance policies. But surprisingly few mishaps have fatal results. Two years ago, Carran fell forty-five feet and escaped with only a broken ankle.

One of his men fell from the top of a twenty-five foot ladder twice in two days, recently, without hurting himself. "On both days the cause of the fall was the same," he says. "The man steadying the ladder was a heavy pipe-smoker, and on both occasions I discovered he had let go to light up."

Often, more serious damage occurs when the cleaners are working in comparatively safe conditions. Using for the first time a strong acid solution employed for removing long-ingrained dirt, Carran's brother Tom, also a member of the firm—the "Great Met" Cleaning Company—failed to notice that the acid was slowly running down the handle of the mop he was using. Seeping under his fingernails, the acid caused burns which kept him from work for seven weeks and made skin-grafting operations necessary.

Police Are A Hazard

An occupational disease of the trade is dermatitis, usually caused when, after slight scratches or cuts, the men are constantly plunging their hands into dirty water.

An additional hazard for cleaners working in built-up areas is police prosecution. When working at a height of more than six feet above a footway, they are required by law to wear a safety belt, unless there is an area at least six feet wide immediately below.

"The rule is intended to protect passers-by rather than the cleaners," says Carran, "but it is rarely practicable because few buildings have the necessary projections to which the belts can be fastened."

Many of the firm's contracts are for cleaning in government offices and research factories. Where secret work is being carried on, only men who have undergone security screening are allowed to do inside cleaning.

On one job, at a U.S. Air Force base, Carran was followed everywhere by two security men. "They walked round inside the buildings as I worked round outside," he says. "They never let me out of their sight."

For work in the offices of top executives, only the most courteous and diplomatic men are assigned. Wearing neat collars and ties, and soft shoes, they are chosen for their ability to do their job with the minimum of noise and disturbance.

Wet Rag Hit Desk

In one office, one of Carran's team, Pat Russell, was working silently and efficiently on the panes of glass in a partition between two rooms. Failing to spot that one of the panes was missing, he pushed his hand through the hole and projected his wet cleaning rag on to the desk of an outraged director.

On some jobs, cleaners are required to wear protective clothing. At one maternity hospital all the men working inside the wards were ordered to wear surgical masks. "We felt pretty silly," Carran says.

Carran, who began his career as an apprentice engineer, turned to window-cleaning on demobilization from the navy at the end of the war. "The main attraction was the money," he says. To a basic wage of £10 a week can be added overtime and private work worth at least an extra £5. Some of Carran's gang have cars and the majority have comfortable homes.

There is a window-cleaning saying that unless a new cleaner takes to the job in the first two weeks he never tries it again. Carran survived his fortnight, although, after the first two days, his arms were too stiff to raise above waist level. Now he can easily maintain the average of eight office windows an hour throughout an eight-hour day.

In his early days, Carran, like most beginners, was given the worst jobs. One of the most gruesome was to clean the windows of a hospital mortuary. "There were at least twenty corpses lying on slabs. It was one of the quickest jobs I have ever done," he says.

Carran and his team are used to seeing the effects of several days' high-speed work marred by snow, fog or rain. One of their greatest disappointments, however, came after a rush job on hangars at Dunsfold Aerodrome.

"We worked at top speed for three days getting the hangar windows ready for an important inspection," says Carran. "We finished in the nick of time and sat back. Then several jet planes were revved up on the airfield and in a few minutes every scrap of dirt was back." THE END

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4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated May 21 and in JOHN BULL dated May 28, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 14, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,985 result.)

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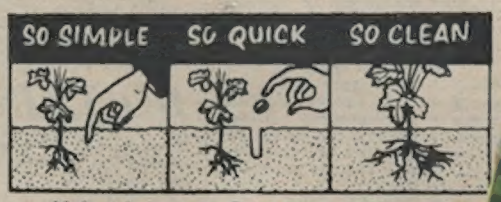

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